

# The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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## The Literary Week.

THE great *Encyclopædia Biblica*, which Prof. Robertson Smith initiated, and which Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Sutherland Black are carrying on, is at last sufficiently advanced for the first of the four parts to be announced by Messrs. Black for October. The remaining parts are in a state so near completion that they may be expected within two years, at intervals of six months.

WE regret that, owing to incorrect information, we stated last week that Mr. James Bowden had sold his publishing business to Messrs. Harper Bros., Doubleday, McClure & Co. This statement is without foundation, and in withdrawing it we offer Mr. Bowden our apologies for any annoyance it may have caused him.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS's blank verse tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," while waiting for representation at the St. James's Theatre, is to be given to the world in book form. Mr. Lane will be the publisher, and the work may be expected very soon. Mr. Alexander, who retains the entire acting rights, has sanctioned the publication.

ANOTHER poetical enterprise of Mr. Lane's in which Mr. Phillips will be represented is the publication of a shilling series of illustrated poems, entitled "Flowers of Parnassus." These flowers consist of poems chosen by the editor, Mr. Money-Coutts, and furnished with pictures by various artists. Among them are Mr. Phillips's "Marpessa," Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," Gray's "Elegy," and Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

THE editor of the *Century Magazine* has secured for next year a contribution that promises to be of very great interest. This is a life of Oliver Cromwell from the pen of Mr. John Morley, wherein the Protector will be treated as a mystic before everything. We imagine that the work was completed before Mr. Morley began his researches into Mr. Gladstone's life. It seems to put the publication of the long-promised "Chatham" even further into the dim distance.

MR. MORLEY might indeed transfer his interests in Chatham to Lord Rosebery. The ex-Premier, we observe, has arranged to visit Bath next month to unveil tablets to the Earl of Chatham and William Pitt. Why not take over the completion of Mr. Morley's monograph too?

MR. BIRRELL has been asked to deliver the inaugural address of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution's lecture season this year. Last year, it will be remembered, Lord Rosebery was the speaker, and he chose for his subject illustrious book-loving statesmen, with particular reference to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Birrell intends to discuss the question: "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?"

It is possible that a new volume of plays by Mr. George Bernard Shaw may be published before long. This would contain "Caesar and Cleopatra," "The Devil's Disciple," which Mr. Mansfield has been performing in America, and which Mr. Murray Carson is about to produce in London, and a new work which Mr. Shaw has recently completed for Miss Ellen Terry under the attractive title "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

THE design for the William Black memorial beacon, the total sum subscribed for which now amounts to £505, has been made by Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A. The beacon, as has been stated, is destined for Duart Point, Isle of Mull, a dangerous spot, and its light will be a guide to all ships entering the Firth of Lorne, the Sound of Mull, and Loch Linnhe.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT, the author of *Admirals All*, has made a selection from Froissart for the Macmillan Company of New York. It will be published under the title *Stories from Froissart*. We presume that an English edition will also be prepared.

A NEW exclusively literary paper has just been started in New York under the title *Literary Life*. It is bright and crisp, and its credo runs thus:

We believe in genuine international copyright.

We believe that literary property should be as sacred in its value and title as real estate.

We believe the pirate publisher should be electrocuted.

We believe the book thief should be sentenced to hard labour for life.

We believe the woman who uses a book wherein to press flowers should be exiled, and that the editor who sells his review copies to the second-hand dealer should be sent to Congress or given a consulship in Central Africa.

MR. G. W. STEEVENS, who has just left England for South Africa in the interests of the readers of the *Daily Mail*, promises to be one of the most widely read of authors during the next few weeks; for his *Tragedy of Dreyfus*, which we notice elsewhere, is to be followed, on October 4, by *In India*, a volume composed of the letters sent home to the *Daily Mail* when Mr. Steevens visited India, describing primarily the reception of the new Viceroy, and secondarily whatever else he saw that was picturesque and interesting.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's new book, which Mr. Heinemann will publish in the autumn, is briefly an impressionistic history of the Cuban campaign. As special correspondent Mr. Crane saw the principal fighting, and he has now brought something of the method of his *Red Badge of Courage* to bear on the description of it. A portion of the book will first be printed in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

It will be noticed that we resume our Prize Competitions on page 317 of the present number.

IN order to bring concretely before its readers the most widely-read books of 1899, the *Daily Mail* presented them with a drawing, a reproduction of which will be found below, wherein the position and size of each book indicate its degree of popularity according to inquiries at the



circulating libraries. Thus, largest and first is *A Double Thread*, by Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Next is Mr. Richard Whiteing's No. 5, *John Street*, and so forth. We are a little disturbed by the spelling of *Omar Khayyam* and *The Political Struwelpeter*; but art has its eccentricities and they must be respected.

THE results of our efforts to guide public opinion are sometimes disheartening. The inquiry into the character of *David Harum*, which we published last week, did not deter Mr. W. P. James from writing in Saturday's *St. James's Gazette* that that novel's popularity was due to its "religious interest," although we showed clearly that the book's fascination lay largely in its pictures of horse-dealing. And the report comes from a large circulating library that more than one request has been made in the past few days for "*David's Harem*."

THIS is an age of matter-of-fact writing. For the moment lusciousness is in disfavour, imagery is on the shelf, honeycombs of metaphor no longer satiate us. Ouida, it is true, still writes, but Ouida is not what she was, and Canon Farrar has lost his pristine glow. And yet the ornate is not wholly dead, the florid not wholly extinct. Sumptuousness still lurks in the shy places. In an essay in the *Dome*, on cats, by "Israfel," are these sentences:

The sombre glory of a sulky Persian on a window-sill has often caught my roving gaze. I revel in that exquisite camel-curve of her sullen, smooth back; in the furry apex of each pointed ear; the immobility of her whiskers, long as the hair of Melisande; the steady glare of her magnificent eyes like orange flames; the seductive whiteness of her shirtfront's frilly fur, softer than snow; and the splendid sweep of the tail over the neat velvet paws so decorously placed. . . . I connect the common cat with the *passée* goddess Pasht; with old, crumbling ruins and frowning gloomy architecture; with Memphis and Thebes; with leagues of desert sand; with mummies, skim-milk, rats, and unmusical wailings. The Persian I associate with rose gardens and silence and starlight; with cream and bulbuls; with brodered cushions and scented fountains; with splendid Saracenic curves and domes; and even with the lovely monotonous cadence of Omar's

quatrains, though Hafiz catches her spirit better. I think it must be the bulbuls which the Persian cat has slain and eaten that give her voice its delicious, intimate timbre, and her purr its rich pianissimo.

A COMPARISON of the lists of the best books for children under twelve, which readers have been sending us for the past few weeks, reduces the ideal dozen, the number that we asked for, to these, in their order of popularity:

Alice in Wonderland.  
Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
Struwelpeter.  
Grimm's Fairy Tales.  
Water Babies.  
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

Robinson Crusoe.  
Arabian Nights.  
Pilgrim's Progress.  
Kingsley's Heroes.  
Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses.  
Little Lord Fauntleroy.

*St. Nicholas*, however, whose ideal library for a nursery gave us the idea of asking for English opinions on the same subject, printed a list of twenty-five books. We, therefore, give below the next thirteen books which our correspondents recommend, again in their order of popularity:

The Jungle Book.  
Æsop's Fables.  
Masterman Ready.  
Through the Looking-Glass.  
Tom Brown's Schooldays.  
Swiss Family Robinson.

The Book of Nonsense.  
Mother Goose.  
The Rose and the Ring.  
Jackanapes.  
Black Beauty.  
The Blue Fairy Book.

The Boy's Own Paper.

THE list is altogether a very satisfactory one, we think. One or two points demand attention. *Through the Looking-Glass*, for example, has only three votes to *Alice in Wonderland's* ten, whereas in many families that we know it is considered the better book. Possibly some of our correspondents meant the title *Alice in Wonderland* to cover both. Mrs. Ewing we should have expected to see more favoured. Concerning the suitability of Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, we have already said something. Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* or *Tanglewood Tales*, or one of Miss Alcott's excellent stories, might, we think, take its place. But the list really wants very little tinkering, and generous uncles might safely adopt it as a sure guide.

IT will be interesting, in connexion with our own results, once more to quote the *St. Nicholas* list:

Ivanhoe.  
Quentin Durward.  
The Pathfinder.  
The Last of the Mohicans.  
The Jungle Book.  
Westward Ho!  
Arabian Nights.  
The Rose and the Ring.  
The Wonder Book.  
A Tale of Two Cities.  
Dickens' Christmas Stories.  
Longfellow.  
Shakespeare.

Child's Garden of Verses.  
Tom Brown's Schooldays.  
Pilgrim's Progress.  
Sketch Book (Irving).  
The Man Without a Country (Hale).  
Robinson Crusoe.  
Gulliver's Travels.  
Alice in Wonderland.  
Uncle Remus.  
Jackanapes.  
Wild Animals I Have Known (Thompson).  
Treasure Island.

Here, it will be noticed, is more solidity. But it must be borne in mind that the *St. Nicholas* aimed at a library for children, irrespective of age; whereas we asked particularly for books for children under twelve.

MR. H. C. MARILLIER's forthcoming work on Rossetti will be the most complete record of his career as a painter and draughtsman that has been prepared. A time may, of course, come when every scrap of an artist's output will be reproduced between two covers; but until that period the method followed by Mr. Marillier must be considered

thorough enough. The illustrations comprise thirty photograph plates and nearly 200 blocks, the examples reproduced being chosen from all the best Rossetti collections. With regard to the biographical side of the book, Mr. Marillier has been equally fortunate, among the authorities who have helped him being Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and Mr. Fairfax Murray. The book will be published in October.

CRITICS of poetry can be very prosaic. Mr. Edwin Markham's famous poem, "The Man with the Hoe," has utterly dissatisfied one American reader of independent spirit. The toiling agriculturist is to this gentleman no subject for commiseration. A man with a hoe is, to his mind, to be felicitated—he, at least, has a means of honest livelihood, and a natural one at that. Hence he has written to the *New York Sun*:

What about the man without the hoe? he who cannot get work, or, having the opportunity to labour, won't do it? There are thousands of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distasteful to them, and, in many cases, they have grown to be ashamed of it and of their parents. In European countries, particularly, there are multitudes of young men, the younger sons of titled people, for instance, who have been taught that common labour or work in the trades is beneath them, and they sink their individuality, their manhood, and their future in the ranks of the army and in petty government positions. They must have money, but they must earn it only in a "genteel" way. These are the men without the hoe—the real brothers to the ox. Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned and bringing distress upon those dependent on them because they have lost that true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labour with his hands, who wields the hoe and is the master of his destiny.

The writer would like to see a good poem written on these lines, and the subject is a great one. He therefore offers to give for the best poems written on this general subject 400 dols. as first prize, 200 dols. as second prize, and 100 dols. as third prize; the competition to be decided by a committee of three, one to be the editor of the *Sun*, and the others to be Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. E. C. Stedman (if those gentlemen will be willing to serve on such a committee). All poems to be sent in to the editor of the *Sun* before October 15 next. Brevity, strength of sentiment and expression, and literary grace and beauty to be the factors of merit.

There is time for English poets to compete, too.

ANOTHER kind of prize poem has just been called for by a Flemish lady—Mme. Keelhoff, Rue de l'Industrie, 2, Brussels—whose enthusiasm for the cause of total abstinence has led her to the length of offering a reward for the best song against the abuse of strong drink. Her zeal, however, does not extend to offering a larger prize than twenty-five francs.

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON has lately added Rossetti's grave at Birchington to his list of tombs needing renovation. But another critic, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, objects to this inclusion. He reports: "The design on the cross is a little obscured by lichens, but that, I suppose, one must expect. The grass, too, is a little out of condition, but that, too, in these days of drought is not to be wondered at." Mr. Hueffer concludes: "If one wished to preserve the cross from the effects of the weather or the grass from those of footsteps one ought, I suppose, to enclose the whole beneath a large glass case. But this would not be pretty, however trifling the expense."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following motto for General Mercier:

Only the actions of the Jouaust  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

MR. DOOLEY'S remarks on Europe, which are to be printed Monday by Monday in the *Westminster Gazette*, promise to be very entertaining. He began this week with a commentary on the Anglo-American sports recently held in London. "Ye get to th' Olympian games," says Mr. Dooley, "he suffocation in a tunnel. Whin ye come to, ye pay four shillin's, or a dollar in our degraded currency, an' stan' in th' sun an' look at th' Prince iv Wales. Th' Prince iv Wales looks at you, too, but he don't see ye." Mr. Dooley then describes the events. "I was that proud iv me belovoid country," he says, "that I wanted to take off me hat there an' thin an' give the colledge yell iv th' Ar-rchey Avnoo Reform School. But I was restrained be a frind iv mine that I met comin' over. He was fr'm Matsachooetts, an', says he: 'Don't make a disturbance,' he says. 'We've got to create a fav'able impression here,' he says. 'Th' English,' he says, 'niver shows enthusiasm,' he says. 'Tis regarded as unpolite,' he says. 'If we yell,' he says, 'they'll think we want to win,' he says, 'an' we didn't come over here to win,' he says. 'Let us show thim,' he says, 'that we're gintlemin, be it iver so painful,' he says. An' I restrained meself be puttin' me fist in me mouth."

A LITTLE American society, called "The Brothers of the Book," which from time to time circulates limited editions of sympathetic writings, has just issued Stevenson's essay on "The Morality of the Profession of Letters," first published in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1881.

IN future the *Windmill*, a little artistic quarterly that has not yet had time to become very well known, will be published by the New Century Press.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* can generally be trusted to telegraph the right comment in words acceptable to the British public. It may be doubted, however, whether the gentleman who sits at the other end of the wire at one o'clock in the morning, anxious to arrive at the essential facts and go home, is altogether pleased with this embroidery. Last Wednesday, reading our *Times*, we had a vision of the telegraph instrument ticking out Mr. De Blowitz's Paris despatch. Thus it began:

The — Supreme — Will — which — governs —  
human — destinies — has — inscrutable — designs —  
in — which — we — are — bound — to — acquiesce —  
— without — seeking — to — penetrate — the —  
mystery.

The news which followed was the death of M. Scheurer-Kestner.

WE print elsewhere in this number a protest, by a writer who remembers the intellectual agonies of his youth, against the employment of Gray's "Elegy" as a guide to poetry for boys. Many of our readers who remember their schooldays can probably remember other instances where the examination of a beautiful poem by slow and painful stages has set up a prejudice against it which time has not yet been able altogether to remove. And also they may remember absurd misconceptions of words and phrases, similar to the one which our correspondent mentions. We shall be pleased to put on record such experiences if any be sent to us.



THE new Chair of Education at Owens College, Manchester, has been accepted by Mr. H. L. Withers, since 1893 Principal of the Borough Road Training College at Isleworth. Mr. Withers was elected to a Classical Scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1882, and he obtained a First Class in Classics both in Moderations and in the Final Honours School. He was an assistant master at the Manchester Grammar School, and afterwards at Clifton College, and has been an examiner under the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board. The professor will have a seat on the Senate of the College and on the Board of Studies of the Victoria University. An assistant and the Mistress of Method in the Women's College will be associated with the professor in the work of the department.

LAST week Mr. Madison Cawein, the American poet, whom Mr. Howells, in an article in *Literature*, has just introduced to many persons, was referred to in the ACADEMY as a Canadian. This was an error. Mr. Cawein is an American.

## Bibliographical.

VERY interesting is Mr. Nutt's announcement that the next volume of the "Tudor Translations" will be a reprint of *The Courtier* of Baldassare Castiglione, as "done into English" by Sir Thomas Hoby, and published originally in 1561. There are, of course, much later translations of the work into English—notably that by A. P. Castiglione, which dates from 1727, and that by R. Samber, which came out two years later. Still, the Hoby version is to be preferred. It was evidently popular in its day, for there was an edition in 1577, another in 1588, and another in 1603. For the "Tudor Translation" which is to follow *The Courtier* one cannot feel quite so enthusiastic, inasmuch as it is to consist of the Urquhart-and-Motteux translation of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (Books I-V.), "faithfully reprinted," to be sure, "from the *éditiones princeps*." This will run to three volumes. Reprints of Urquhart-and-Motteux—of a kind—have been plentiful of late years; there have been three in the late decade. But, of course, the "Tudor" reprint will be well worth possessing.

The announcement of a new translation of King Alfred's *Bæthius* into modern English reminds us that this service has already been done for us twice at least—by J. S. Cardale (in 1829) and by Samuel Fox (in 1835). More interesting and attractive is the promise of a new translation of Asser's *Life of Alfred*; that may be said to be wanted in very deed. On the other hand, a threatened addition to the literature of *The Tale of Beowulf* is a little disquieting, seeing that the editions and versions of the *Tale* are really numerous. There are the versions by Kemble (1833), Wackerbarth (1849), Thorpe (1855), Arnold (1876), Lumsden—in rhyme—(1881), Earle (1892), and Morris and Wyatt (1895). Then there are American versions, dated 1882 and 1892 respectively. I suppose the standard edition is that of Wyatt, reproduced so lately as last year.

Somebody has lately been congratulating himself on having seen a copy of Miss Braddon's very first work of fiction (if it be such)—*Thrice Dead! or, The Secret of the Heath*. This story seems to have come out in 1861 as a unit of the "Shilling Volume Library." But was *Thrice Dead!* its original title? Was it not *The Trail of the Serpent*?—the title under which the tale was translated into French two or three years after. Perhaps one of my readers may be able to settle the point—if it is worth settling. Another story by Miss Braddon—*The Lady Lisle*—appears to have been published in 1861, though "1862" be on the title-page. The author should write her *Reminiscences* (as everybody else does) and enlighten us

not only about her early prose fictions, but about her play-writing, which, apparently, was more considerable than is generally supposed. No fewer than three plays from her pen were published in 1880-82.

Since I wrote the above paragraph the following letter has appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, from Mr. Henry Williams:

Referring to your "Literary Notes and News" of the 18th inst., in which a correspondent describes the first real book of fiction written by Miss Braddon.

He is quite correct; it was published by my honoured father-in-law, the late W. M. Clark, of Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, to whose business I succeeded.

When this book was issued I was a youth in his employ, and I opened the first parcel sent to us by Mr. Empson, of Beverley, then a customer we supplied with newspapers, books, &c.

The title was, I believe, *Three Times Dead; or, The Mystery of the Heath*, and was issued in penny weekly numbers, 8 pages 8vo; the cuts were awful.

It is now nearly forty years since the first number was issued, but I remember glancing at the opening sentences, which run thus:

"It didn't rain any harder in the Town of Sloppington-on-the-Sloshy than it rained anywhere else," &c.

I have at times spoken about this to Mr. W. Tinsley and other younger members of the trade who have since published for Miss Braddon, but they usually shrugged their shoulders incredulously.

The initials "H. L. B." appended to an account (in a contemporary) of the new National Theatre at Christiania are obviously those of Mr. H. L. Braekstad, a Scandinavian, who has been resident for some years in England, and has done much, in an unassuming way, to make Scandinavian fiction and drama known to English people. For instance, he has produced English versions of two books by P. C. Asbjørnsen (1881 and 1897), of Bjørnson's *Gauntlet* (1890) and *Paul Lange* (1899), of A. C. Edgren's *True Women* (1890), and J. Lie's *Commodore's Daughters* (1892) and *Niobe* (1897). Just lately he has given us a translation of Johansen's *With Nansen in the North*.

Messrs. Nimmo announce a cheaper edition of their reprint of *Captain Gronow's Recollections*, which they gave to the world first in 1889, and again in 1892. Originally the work came out in four series—each separately entitled—in 1862, 1863, 1864, and 1866 successively. Would it not be a good idea to issue a reprint of the *Recollections* curtailed of the passages which for the present-day reader have a roccoco air? A volume of selections, published at a small price, ought to attract the lovers of anecdote and gossip.

The novel which Miss Edith Henrietta Fowler is to give us will be her first, for her literary efforts, so far, have been confined modestly to the production of tales for children—to wit, *The Young Pretenders* (1895), *The Professor's Children* (1897), and *Hugh's Burden Bundle* (1897). There will naturally be curiosity as to the relation her fare for adults may bear to that with which her sister has hitherto supplied the public.

We are promised a new illustrated edition of Blake's *Songs of Experience*. These, it will be remembered, were included in a Blake volume, published in 1897, for which Mr. C. Ricketts provided the "decorations." The *Songs of Experience* have usually been printed with the *Songs of Innocence*—vide the editions of 1789, 1839, 1866, and 1868.

Only two years ago Mr. John Mackie gave us an Australian tale which he called *They that Sit in Darkness*. Now Mr. I. Zangwill proposes to present us with a book of stories entitled *They that Walk in Darkness*. Of course, sitting and walking are very different things.

For the "Social England" series Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith will write the volume on *Mysteries and Miracle Plays*. The choice is a good one, for we all remember the lady's edition of the York Plays, as well as that of *Gorboduc*—both of them excellent bits of scholarship.

THE BOOKWORM.

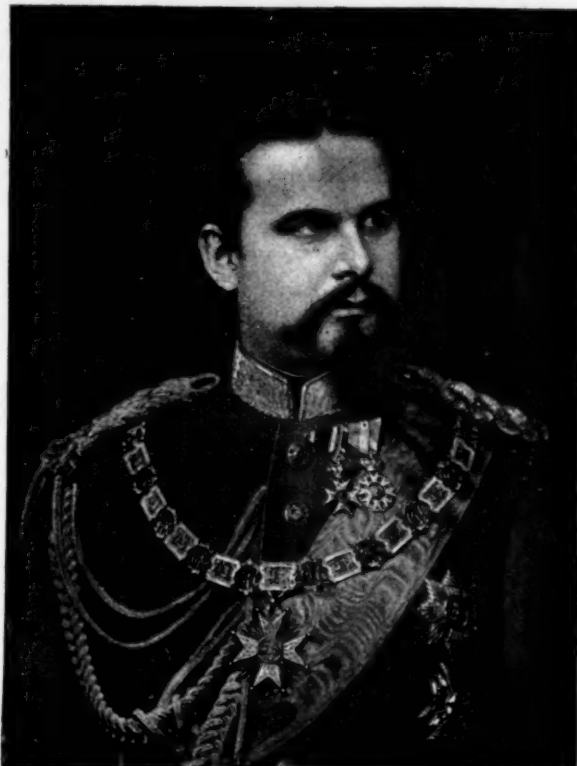


## Reviews.

## A Mad King.

*The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria.* By Frances Gerard. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

IN all madness is felt a dreadful allurements—the allurements of a mind fed by no mortal fires. In his preoccupation the madman appeals to us freshly as a grandiose babe. He is incapable of appearing, as we sane ones do, in perennial disguise. His depths are springing; he has the candour of relentless disease. And yet, as though he



LUDWIG II.

were a true artist instead of simply a morbid subject, his secret eludes us all; he creates without paint or clay; he dreams without repose; he seems terribly alive. Perhaps—whatever the surgeons say—he lives partly in that other world which by every device we ignore, and, like someone in a tale of genius, has seen Fear.

And so it is with reluctance that we approach the task of reviewing a book of gossip about a madman—for madness is high tragedy, and gossip, however amiable, is an old wife's business.

Let it be said at once that Miss Frances Gerard is a typical lady bookmaker. She found her task an "absorbing and delightful occupation" (there is nothing like having a taste for pathology, is there?); she dotes on her hero's "wonderful" and "unfathomable" eyes; she is arch and omniscient about his love affairs, sagacious about his education, and full to the brim with feminine tolerance and pity. Withal, she has some humour and penetration; but she is also a little inconsistent, inaccurate, and inconsequent. Her "romance" is just a book of Bavarian bits; and one ventures to think that it was the sumptuosities of Ludwig's castles that accounted for the "delightful" element in her task. The illustrations, of which there are more than fifty, are admirably reproduced; and the whole

is well designed to fritter away the studious hours of even those who detest buttonholing and swear by method. The index might have been more serviceable. It is absurd to give nothing but page-references to Ludwig II., who is, ostensibly, the book itself.

Having made our strictures and paid our tributes, let us return to the King. He was born in 1845 and died in 1886. In his twoscore years he lived more in the company of the Grande Monarque and Louis Quinze than in that of his contemporaries. He fell in love, but it was with Marie Antoinette. In the bedroom of the Residenz Schloss her bust was the first object that would meet his eyes on waking. True, he had shown regard for the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrowna, but he never seems to have asked the crucial question. True, he was engaged to the Duchess Sophie Charlotte, but he broke his troth; and Prof. Gore alleges, in a recent article, that "he took the marble bust which she had given him of herself and threw it out of the window." There seems to have been a distinct lack of healthy amativeness in Ludwig, and this expressed itself in a marked intolerance to any presumption on the part of women. Thus, Prof. Gore relates how an actress, who had pleased him by a recitation, requested permission to see "his most poetic bed-chamber"—the Million-Dollar Bed-chamber, as the American magazine characteristically describes it—at Herrenschiemsee. The actress "was coolly dismissed for her effrontery, and the servants were ordered to fumigate the room in which she had been received." Similarly, Miss Gerard tells how on one occasion Fraulein Schefszky was asked to sing for His Majesty while he rowed on the lake of the winter garden attached to the Residenz Schloss. "The lady, being more a Walküre than a fairy, her weight was too much for the little skiff, which capsized her into the water." The King left her, cavalierly, to the mercy of the boatman, and it was said that Wagner fished her out with a boat-hook. Rumour also averred that the accident took place through the King's resentment at Fraulein Schefszky's venturing to pass her hand through his hair. It was Fraulein Schefszky, by the way, who

was in the habit of making the King from time to time very handsome presents, which he received with the understanding that he would afterwards pay for them. . . . One Christmas she presented her royal patron with a costly carpet, with which he was highly pleased, thanking her heartily and desiring repayment to be made at once. His secretary, however, astonished at the high price of the article, caused inquiries to be made, when it came out that Schefszky was making a large profit for herself out of the transactions. The King was so disgusted . . . that he at once dismissed the singer from the Grand Opera, ordering, however, that the full salary should be paid to her for the time she had been engaged.

Such a woman was not worthy of a flirtation; but Ludwig's extraordinary treatment of his *fiancée*, afterwards the Duchesse d'Alençon, who nobly perished in the flames of the Paris Bazaar of 1897, shows an abnormal sexual nature; for, be it understood, we are not dealing with the case of a "shifting of the fire," but of absence of fire. He loved Marie Antoinette. He also loved Wagner, and Wagner was, perhaps, the only formidable rival of that heroic shade. The two volumes of Wagner's Letters recently put forth by Mr. W. Ashton Ellis tell the tale of Bayreuth—a veritable saga in its way. This is how Wagner writes to Frau Wille of Ludwig, after an interview (May 4, 1864). Our quotation is from Mr. Ellis's translation:

You know that the young King of Bavaria had me searched for. To-day I was conducted to him. Alas! he is so handsome and intelligent, so splendid and so full of soul, that I fear lest his life should vanish like a fleeting dream of gods in this vulgar world. He loves me with the depth and glow of a first love; he knows and fathoms everything about me, and understands me as my soul.

It was the opinion of one who knew him well, that Ludwig had no ear for music. But the world of "Lohengrin" was just made for him. He who in his degeneracy craved to be drawn about by peacocks, was delighted with a bloodless opportunity of wearing silver armour and going about in a swan boat (as they do at Earl's Court). He adored spectacles; his was the bizarrerie of a noble Roman in the decadence. For him alone the whole play must recommence after the public have withdrawn. For him alone in the mirror room at Herrenschiemsee thousands of candles must burn, and no candle be lit twice. It is said that he intended his projected, but never built, castle of Falkenstein to be paved with jewels. His resources, however, gave out, like those of the Emperor of China when Aladdin invited him to fill in the one unjewelled lattice of his magical palace. And perhaps the depletion of his treasury really did hasten his end. It was a shock in his dream life, which had come to require prolonged solitude and a reticence in others which they found unbearable. They must not look at him; they must scratch the panel of his door to show their comprehension of his commands. He had evaded warfare, that healthy, but expensive dream of the world. He signed his country into a kind of vassalage before dressing for "Lohengrin" one fine day. Kissengen had known him not, and at Sedan Germany triumphed without him. It was a pity, for military ardour, like love, is a vent. More than that, it is a sea washing away fear.

How the end came we have no space to tell. Yet must we lament the crudity that attaches to un-kinging. For a man with the Grand Monarque for his companion, with Marie Antoinette for his "bodiless paramour," to be un-kinged was awful. And to be un-kinged not with shouts, but with whispers and the askance looks of science and pity, was unbearable. Thereupon Ludwig put an end to the situation, and with him perished the tactless but heroic Dr. Gudden. He had become a jailbird, and showed sure sanity in choosing a moment for his escape when he was still handsome and articulate, while the conflagration of his reason was still blazing and the dead ash of idiocy was yet unfallen.

But, for sign of the dreadful end averted, still ring across the chasm of years two sentences of the hapless King. One is spoken by the boy of twelve caught in the act of bowstringing his brother Otto: "This is no business of yours; this is my vassal, and he has dared to resist my will. He must be executed." The other is spoken by the man of forty-one of the Commissioners who decided on his mental state: "Let the traitors be thrown into the deepest dungeon, loaded with chains, and leave them to die of starvation."

### From Mike Howe to Ned Kelly.

*The Story of the Australian Bushrangers.* By G. E. Boxall. (Sonnenschein. 6s.)

BUSHRANGING has never filled quite that place in a boy's ambition which highway robbery and piracy hold. We cannot say why exactly, except that the term is somewhat vague, and, boys being no less snobs than their parents are, the association of convicts with the pastime may have damped their ardour. Australia, try how we will, is not romantic. Boys or men, we cannot locate our ideals there. Moreover, the stories of famous bushrangers are very ugly. They include a vast amount of wanton shedding of blood and taking of life, and they are generally lacking in any kind of picturesqueness or chivalry. The old highwayman had standards of manners; he was occasionally something very nigh a gentleman; he robbed and passed on, needing the money only; his heart was empty of rancour. But the bushranger was an escaped prisoner, with a heart black with rage against a cruel convict system. He took to the bush because no other part of Australia was safe for him, and he preyed upon men as much out of revenge as for

booty. Hence his deeds were almost always brutal. The bushranger, to put it concisely, may be described as a highwayman plus convict.

In this country it is hardly worth while to break prison and run. The distances are so trifling, the cover so sparse, the country is so netted with telegraph lines, that capture, except in very rare instances, is certain. But in Australia in the old days the escaped prisoner had the world before him. Recapture was, of course, possible, and it often occurred; while death from starvation was possible too, and occurred not much less frequently; but the opportunity of eluding both were very considerable, especially to a man in a position to treasure liberty as a miser gold, and a man, too, in whom years of oppression had implanted a hatred of all power and an utter carelessness of human life. Not that all the crime of Australia in the period under discussion—the first half of this century—were committed by escaped convicts and assigned servants—i.e., convicts outside the prison walls—but the greater ones were, and most of the bushrangers reached their profession *vid gaol*. Mr. Boxall, whose pages, though somewhat monotonous and crowded, are very rich in interest and lucid in their information, sympathises with these depredators to an extent which may trouble comfortable English law-keepers not a little.

The facts being as I have stated [says he], the wonder is not that large numbers of prisoners took to the bush, but that all did not do so; and the more we study the early history of the convict settlements, the less we feel inclined to blame the early bushrangers, however savage or atrocious their actions were.

By a stroke of irony the original idea of bushranging was first put into the head of the convict by a Government official. In 1805, food being scarce in Van Dieman's Land owing to the non-arrival of store ships, the Lieut.-Governor ordered the temporary liberation of the convicts and sent them into the woods to catch kangaroo and other wild animals. On the arrival of the store ships the convicts were recalled. Those that would not come were the first bushrangers. The names of many of these independent spirits are lost, but in course of time it began to be understood that the boldest among them, and the ringleader in the numerous thefts and outrages, was one Whitehead. Whitehead, then, was the First Bushranger. To him, when in 1814 the bullet which was to end the career of most of his kind penetrated a vital spot, succeeded Michael Howe (a transported highwayman) was a man of character, a tactician. He provided himself with a native wife, "Black Mary," whose knowledge of the bush did him infinite service. Many of the later bushrangers came to grief through insufficient acquaintance with their hiding ground. Howe took a right view of his importance, even daring, under a flag of truce, to leave the security of the bush and parley with the Governor at Hobart, where "he became very popular." Howe, who must have been a humorist, had asked for this meeting in a letter "From the Governor of the Ranges to the Governor of the Town." The negotiation, however, failed, Howe became suspicious, and rather than run risks of waiting for his pardon he returned to the ranges, and there continued his robberies until in an affray with the military his brains were beaten out.

The history of the bushrangers is a succession of fierce contests and sudden death. In the stories of the American gold craze in the late forties there is sufficient lightness and freedom in man's relations with his gun and pistol; but never can triggers have been pulled with more frequency and unconcern than in the volume before us. A bushranger in a corner either was shot or himself shot his way out. It would seem that in the infected regions to find oneself looking down the barrel of a gun was the commonest of experiences. Why more people did not carry arms is something of a puzzle to the reader of Mr. Boxall's pages. One very ordinary device of the bush-



rangers, for example, was for three to arrive suddenly at a station, where two of them simultaneously presented themselves in the shearing shed and the house. One man seems to have been all that was needed to intimidate the shed, perhaps containing thirty shearers; one all that was required for the house; so that the other was free to search for gold and valuables. Had the shearers carried revolvers too the result must have been different: or so at least one thinks, writing now, many years after, in the security of England. Yet the old fable of the cholera comes to mind—"I killed but a thousand, fear killed the rest." Fear must have operated powerfully on the side of the bushrangers: they were known to be desperate, sticking at nothing; report had magnified their strength and their exploits; their presence was thus mesmeric, paralysing action.

To Michael Howe succeeded, as a bushranger of parts, Matthew Brady, a transported forger. For a while he was a terror in Van Diemen's Land, but was at last betrayed by a convict named Cowan who wormed his way into the gang. For this despicable service Cowan received a free pardon, several hundred pounds, and a passage home. When Brady was condemned to be hanged (Mr. Boxall always says "hung," as if bushrangers were so much meat), many ladies in court showed their sympathy for him by weeping so loudly that the judge had to pause. Howe and Brady were, however, mere provincial operators. The first really notable mainland bushranger was John Lynch. Lynch was one of the most extensive and cold-blooded murderers in the history of crime. A passage from his confessions will indicate his extraordinary state of mind:

After their supper Lynch was lying under his [stolen] dray when a mounted trooper rode up and asked Frazer [a peaceable squatter, who, with his wife, had become Lynch's unsuspecting travelling companion] some questions about a dray which had been stolen. . . . The Frazers were unable to give him any information, and the trooper rode away without noticing Lynch. . . . This narrow escape gave Lynch a terrible shock. He lay awake all night thinking of the danger he was running by keeping this drag. He "prayed to Almighty God to assist and enlighten" him in this emergency, and, feeling much strengthened, he resolved to kill the Frazers and take theirs.

After Lynch we come to William Westwood, known as Jackey Jackey, the gentleman bushranger. He was transported for some boyish peccadillo when only sixteen, so the Government must probably bear the whole responsibility for his career. About Jackey Jackey's name clusters as apocryphal a mass of story as that which lends glory to the names of Dick Turpin and Claude Duval in this country. With Duval's chivalry in returning to ladies their purses and craving a dance Jackey Jackey also is credited, and Turpin's forced ride to York to set up an *alibi* is his also, except that York becomes an Australian town. (But this feat, according to Defoe's *Itinerary*, was performed many years before Turpin.) Jackey Jackey, however, had authentic adventures which entitled him to respect, and his name is still mentioned with admiration. He was one who had education. Mr. Boxall tells of an old fellow who related to him the story of a meeting between Jackey Jackey and Governor Gipps. "You and me," said he, "couldn't have understood what they said. It was all English, but they talked grammar." Jackey Jackey delighted to run into danger, and though more than once captured he always escaped. At last, however, he was securely taken and cooped in the prison on Norfolk Island. In 1844 a new governor was appointed, with instructions to return to the rigid rules of the earlier days. He did so, but exceeded his duty by refusing the convicts certain ameliorations which he had promised. The men became incensed beyond endurance, and Jackey Jackey constituted himself leader, with the remark: "I've made up my mind to stand this oppression no longer. But, remember, I'm

going to the gallows. If any man funks let him stand out. Those who wish to follow me, come on." Mutiny then began in earnest, and five officials were killed, all by Jackey Jackey, before it was quelled. Thirteen men were hanged for it on October 13, 1843, among them the ring-leader, who left a long and very reasonable letter behind him. These sentences occur therein: "The spirit of the British law is reformation. Now years of sad experience should have told them that instead of reforming, the wretched man, under the present system, led by example on the one hand and driven by despair and tyranny on the other, goes on from bad to worse, till at length he is ruined body and soul." Jackey Jackey died at the age of twenty-six. From certain stories of him which Mr. Boxall gives we believe him to have been by nature a really fine fellow.

These, however, are ancient cases. To the ordinary man bushranging centres in the name of Kelly, and the chapters of Mr. Boxall's history which describe the audacities of the two brothers, Dan and Ned, in the seventies, are perhaps the cream of the book. Take him all round, Ned Kelly, who is called the last of the bushrangers, was also the greatest, and it is interesting to think that there are many men still in the prime of life who knew him and perhaps fought with him. The Kellys behaved in the grand manner. While a price of £500 was on their heads they entered towns, robbed banks, took possession of hotels, and defied the police. Their crowning ambition was to bail up a train, but treachery frustrated it. A terrible battle followed, wherein the famous suits of armour figured; and Dan Kelly was killed, Ned wounded and captured. Ned was hanged at Melbourne on November 11, 1880. In the last of the bushrangers we lost a magnificent soldier. He had the blood of a thousand terriers, and a certain grim humour too. One of his gang, who had the deaths of many men to answer for, was waited for during several weeks by the police lying in ambush near his mother's home, where they felt certain he would attempt to return. As a matter of fact he did return, saw the old woman, and got away again in safety; and the police had to capture him in some other way. The police, said Kelly, have no right to prevent a man from visiting his mother.

### De Profundis.

O You that out of dreams I make,  
Because it was my fathers' way,  
A moment fashioned for the sake  
Of hope upon a hopeless day:

The cowardly comfort, You I call!  
The shameful solace of an hour;  
Before You go the way of all  
I trust a moment in Your power.

Vouchsafe me, in this time and place,  
Such might as may my heart ensure  
The superhuman fear to face,  
The unendurable endure.

Purge me of dross with triple fire,  
O Lord, if any gold there be:  
If any gold in my desire,  
That is the soul and whole of me.

Till when the leaden lights of morn  
Beat on me proven, unafraid,  
Who that I could not bear have borne—  
Leave me, O Lord that I have made!

Yet, God ungraven! grant me yet  
The final rest of my relief:  
Grant Thou that I may Thee forget:  
The cowardice of my unbelief.

A. BERNARD MIALL

## The Decadence of Female Decadence.

*The Roman Empresses.* (Walpole Press.)

THERE is fashion in women, as in the dress of women. It is modish for women to be æsthetic or athletic, and forthwith we have a crop of damsels willowy and Botticelli-like, or tall as goddesses and muscular as Guardsmen. Such is the determination of woman, that she will grow in the fashion, and add the Scriptural cubit to her stature if the mode demand it. These things are a mystery. There is a fashion also in female character, as evidenced in the novels of the day. The pale and pensive, the artistic, the sprightly and brilliant—all have their turn of popularity. At present, as a result of the "decadence," the wicked heroine is "in." She may be of varying patterns, but wickedness is essential—nay, had we not some while ago *The Lives of Twelve Bad Women*? Whether the fashion has affected society we are not aware; but it is writ large in literature, and has invaded the stage. The present book is therefore quite in the vogue. For the Roman empresses were most of them wicked; and several superbly, scenically wicked. A new work on such a subject would have distinct interest and value; but it is to be regretted that this is a mere reprint of an old translation of an eighteenth-century French book, by one De Serviez. It is full, faithful, not very discriminating, stilted, and dry—dry as mechanical handling and superfluous moral platitudes of the most approved fashion can make it.

A bad woman is a very bad woman. A bad man has usually some stump of a conscience left, and feels in it occasional aches and twinges which he refers automatically to the amputated organ. But a woman has none. Her wickedness comes from her with cheerfulness and comfort. The man is a strong swimmer in evil; but to the woman it becomes her element, her habitation. Drawn out (so to speak) on to the land of virtue, she could not breathe, but would plunge back with relief into her proper environment of vice. But while all are perfectly bad in an absolute sense, relatively there are degrees of perfection, as among good women we see. Perhaps the palm of perfection may be awarded to the wicked women of Italy. We say it with some hesitation. The women of the East we have hardly means for studying, or they might complicate the decision. Semiramis is too distant, too legendary; besides, she was a conqueror, and a perfect bad woman should not allow these things to divert her from the practice of her art. Catherine of Russia is in the same case, and even her badness is far from undisputed. It comes to this, that the North generally does not show up well, and England in particular makes a very poor display. We have to admit with regret that we have, perhaps, no bad women of any particular excellence. Queen Elinor enjoys a quite unfounded reputation on the strength of a mythical bowl of poison: she did not take away Rosamond's life, but in all probability merely her reputation, over the mediæval substitute for five o'clock tea. Besides, poison in a bowl—not even a phial: a thumping bowlful, as if she were going to poison a horse—and a dagger; what coarse, what primitive means! Neither of the Elinors has any solid evidence for her repute. The Castlemaines and Portmouths of the Restoration were very poor copies of French originals—themselves not in the first rank—and one of them turned charitable, or pious, or something equally fatal to serious claims. We are driven back upon the Mrs. Brownriggs, and women who murder their babies, and suchlike types of sordid achievement. France is much better. The Mme. de Pompadours, it is true (in spite of that single fine saying about the deluge), do not come up to one's highest ideals of badness in woman: but the ladies of Catherine de Medici's "bodyguard" had undoubtedly attained no common order of excellence, though their Italian training takes from them the supreme merit of originality. The same must be said of the Brinvilliers,

who would otherwise have been a bad woman of real distinction; and generally, in this otherwise prolific period, there was no nationally French school of female wickedness. It derived strongly from Italy. In earlier French history there are some striking examples of native talent; but it is in the Carolingian time that we find real greatness. Brunnhilda and her rival queen were eminent examples of the true type. Nevertheless, there is a certain Teutonic coarseness and crudeness about the amours and murders of these Frankish queens which makes one adhere to Italy as the land where the bad woman has been produced in her perfection.

The mingling of softness, fire, and subtlety which makes Italy the most feminine of lands, and the Italian woman typically dear to the imagination of our poets, has caused it in all ages to produce the most arresting examples of female evil. Where woman is most woman for good she will also be most woman for evil. From Italy Webster took his "White Devil," Vittoria Corombona. Italy gave to the popular imagination its ideal type of the baleful, lovely woman in Lucrezia Borgia, though cold history avers that there have been much worse women, in Italy and out of it, than Lucrezia of the wonderful hair. Where the evil-doing of men works by preference in feminine ways; where poison, the naturally feminine weapon, was used till it became an art, it is not surprising that women should become conspicuous in evil. Yet more than this is needed: there must be something in the blood itself to explain the parity in wickedness between the woman of mediæval Italy and the woman of old Rome. The Romans were a martial race; they dealt in blood and iron. Yet the history of the Roman empresses recalls strongly the worst women of Italian mediæval history. The one period may be used to illustrate the other.

There is a daring about their action which we notice also in the mediæval Italian women. It is not the Northern, but the Latin races which produce the Amazonian women. Where the men are women, the women are men; and it was when the sturdy warrior-race of Rome was past that the Roman woman began to show her potentialities in politics and crime. So we notice the same trait in Caterina Sforza, standing on the walls of her city in armour, to defy Cesar Borgia with indecorously masculine insults, and in the ruthless boldness of an Agrippina. The inventions of the novelist pale before these ladies' vigorous reality. In spite of our novelists, the day of the bad women is over; and no doubt, on the whole, it is as well.

## A Boy Bishop.

*Bishop John Selwyn: a Memoir.* By F. D. How. (Isbister.)

THE late Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, first saw the light in Waimale, his father (afterwards of Lichfield) being, in the year 1844, Bishop of New Zealand. He was educated at Eton, where he was captain of the field eleven, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, at which time he stroked the University eight, and secured a fluke place in the third class of the Classical Tripos. Here is a snapshot of him in those days:

I believe [writes the Provost of Eton] that I first saw John Selwyn on the Oxford towing-path, running with the University crew. He had come over from Cambridge to see his rivals. . . . He had borrowed a set of flannels from one of his friends at University College . . . and was running along very joyously in a University College blazer which was far too narrow for his broad shoulders, and a pair of white flannel trousers which were much too long for his legs. It was impossible not to notice this, as well as his bright, happy look, as of a man out for a good holiday and thoroughly enjoying himself.



He was ordained and, by his father, was presented to the benefice of St. George's, Wolverhampton, where he was found at the time of Bishop Patteson's murder. That event he took as a call to himself. "I say, old fellow, we must have a prayer about this" was his queer word to his friend and curate, Still (who called him Billy); and it was manifested to him that he should go. The mission work he did is very lightly touched; it is to be the subject, we are told, of a distinct book; but the letters home reveal the man in the most amiable light. His intense affection for his mother is one of the kindest traits of Bishop Selwyn's:

What [he writes] can I tell you of these thirty-seven years that are gone? Only that that is the number by which my love for you is multiplied. My manhood clings to you not a whit less than my infancy did. . . .

His love of his wife—"a jovial couple" they styled themselves—and children, warm and human as it was, went hand in hand with a singularly childlike piety, which in 1878 was put to a rude test by the loss of his mate. He could write to Mr. Waters:

I am so very happy for her sake that I am wonderfully upheld and comforted, and I can always soothe myself by going to her grave. . . . I was not unhappy, as the most childlike trust and love shone through [her delirium] and one could see that her mind was stayed on God, and was therefore in perfect peace.

And his personal sufferings he bore with a like religious fortitude. "I try to make it a willing offering," he said simply of the agony he suffered while the surgeons removed the dead bone from his leg. He returned home a hopeless cripple; but the old spirit lived in him, and on his crutches he would challenge all wooden-legged comers to a trial of speed. The offer of the mastership of the college founded to commemorate his father he received at first with a loud guffaw; that he with his lucky third, and with such a career behind him, should blossom at last into a don struck him as humorous; but when it was pressed upon him from every side he threw himself into the work with all his wonted energy. Behold him, therefore, in his old age, careering along the towpath on his hand tricycle, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the vices of luckless freshers labouring at the oar. But it was not with rowing form alone that the Master concerned himself.

Many Selwyn men recall with gratitude and affection those talks over a pipe which ended so often in the pouring out of religious difficulties, after which the Bishop took the place of the Master, and the undergraduate knelt with him in prayer and received his episcopal blessing.

It is only last year that he was compelled, by the failure of his health, to resign. They took him to Pau, and did for him what might be done to prolong life. On the night of February 12 he said: "I think I am dying." Then: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore." His mind wandered; he thought himself on ship-board. "Call me at one bell," he said. But at one bell he slept too sound.

Mr. How has written this memoir as such memoirs should be written: briefly, and with a proper sense of distinction between the things that should be remembered and those other things which, without loss, may be forgotten. To read his life is to love this boy. He was the ideal of a type peculiar to the Church of England among the religious societies of the world.

## An Old Manor House.

*Annals of an Old Manor House; Sutton Place, Guildford.*  
By Frederic Harrison. Abridged Edition. (Macmillan.)

"To have the feelings of gentility it is not necessary to have been born gentle," said Charles Lamb. To have the feeling of ownership in a noble old mansion it is only necessary to have lived in it. Indeed, the most casual tourist does not walk through the halls of a great house with that sense of being a stranger and a visitor which he has when he pushes the electric knob of a new Brixton villa. In the big, uncertain past there is room for much speculation, and we may take the benefit of a thousand doubts. Rank and rent-rolls and a noble pleasure—who knows how narrowly we have missed them? Mr. Harrison has lived much at Sutton Place, which has long been occupied by members of his family. Of the Westons, the original line of owners, he says: "These men and women were nothing to me or to mine, no more than any other names in the history of those days; their house and their pictures and their escutcheons do not belong to mine or to me, who am but a passing visitor among them. But I came to love the old place, the very brickwork and the weeds and the lichens which have clung round the mouldings, the swallows twittering round the tiles, and the deep glow of the painted glass. So, bit by bit, my notes grew into a connected account of the house and its vicissitudes." What Mr. Harrison feels at Sutton the reader may feel in his armchair. Here is an antidote to the morning paper. Here the shadow moves on the dial slowly, slowly; and generations come and go very quietly, and the brave old house preserves its Tudor stillness unharmed. "Many a green isle needs must be!"—and Sutton Place is one of those pieces of England which every storm has agreed to spare.

Built in the reign of Henry VIII., whom an old writer calls "the onlie phoenix of his time for fine and curious masonry," Sutton Place is the contemporary of Hampton Court; of Christ Church, Oxford; of Grimsthorp, in Lincolnshire; of Kenninghall, in Norfolk; and of Layer Marney Towers, in Essex. Its builder and first owner, Sir Richard Weston, was the servant of Wolsey and the King, and he escaped being crushed between them. The wayward lightnings of Henry's anger played harmlessly round Sir Richard's head, though his son and heir was executed on Tower Hill, and his brother, the prior of a monastic house, died of grief at the Dissolution. An immunity not so hard to explain has attended the home that Sir Richard built. "No Elizabethan architect has added a classical porch; no Jacobean magnate has thrown out a ponderous wing with fantastic gables and profusion of scrolls; no Georgian squire has turned it into a miniature Blenheim, or consulted his comfort by adding a square barrack. Sir Richard Weston, were he to return from his long sleep with his descendants in Trinity Church at Guildford, would find his way to the doorway in the court, and would recognise his home, worn and dimmed a little in these 380 years, but, it may be, mellowed by time into a peculiar charm, softened by the mosses and the lichens on the cornices, and the wallflowers and the ferns which nestle beneath the traceries of the bays." This happy preservation is due to the fact that Sutton was the home of a Catholic family, whose sons were not only excluded from public life and its emoluments, but were mulcted in heavy fines under oppressive laws. Their purses were never full enough to enable them to indulge in architectural freaks.

The house, as built between 1520 and 1530, consisted of a great quadrangle, enclosing a space 81 ft. on each side, and fronted by a great arched gateway with a tower rising above it and flanked with two hexagonal turrets. This gateway, and the north wing to which it belonged, were removed in 1782, by no means to the hurt of the mansion as a residence. The glory of the house is still its quad-

range, with its central building and two wings. Essentially English and Tudor in their main effect, the walls are delightful for their frieze-like, terra-cotta ornament. This is used, Mr. Harrison explains, in precisely the same way as stone is used to dress a brick building. The mullions of the windows, the dripstones, string-courses, turrets, arches, parapets, and groins are all decked in this delicate medium; and such has been the durability of the ornament that, "after 380 years of exposure, the mouldings remain almost as perfect as when they were cast." This use of terra-cotta seems to have been confined to a short interlude in our architectural history, but in that interlude it was gracefully applied to Hampton Court, Layer Marney, and East Barsham, as well as to Sutton. Mr. Harrison thinks that Henry the Eighth's Italian architect, Girolamo da Trevizi, who is said to have introduced terra-cotta work, and to have personally applied it to Layer Marney, may have superintended the work at Sutton. What seems certain is that the house was erected by English builders who were in sympathy with the Italian movement, and had the wit to see that the old substance and the new embroidery could be married.

Time has given to the brickwork and terra-cotta of Sutton a hundred tints, "varied by the grays and greens of lichens, mosses, and wall-flowers, so that the whole presents an extraordinary assemblage of warm and harmonious hues." Nowhere, perhaps, in England is there such a harmonious contradiction between the operations of Time, which has preserved forms in the sharpest outline, while adding the tones proper to age and decay. Only a part of the house is now inhabited. "Huge stacks of chimneys tower up, but are never warmed by a fire; the chapel and the chapel-bell are gone; the amorini still dance and sport, but under mosses and weeds; decaying casements creak in the wind, and ivy encumbers the arabesques upon many an empty mullion."

The surroundings of the house are worthy of its interior peace. We invite the reader to enjoy Mr. Harrison's description of the little world of Sutton. A more graceful passage of its kind we do not wish to have at our elbow.

The gently-gliding circles of the Wey, where it issues through the gate in the chalk at Guildford, wind round the House in long enfolding reaches, which on three sides alike shut it off from the neighbouring country. The water meadows stretch for miles from the foot of the wooded bank on which the house is placed. Far beyond them, on the ridge between Guildford and Farnham, lies the ancient track of the pilgrims from the west to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Above Guildford the Chapel of St. Catherine and the Chapel of St. Martha crown the Western and the Eastern hills. Through the gap where the Saxons bridged the Wey at Guildford the glades of Surrey reach in broken vistas to the weald. To the east, head away in the distance, in sweeps of woodland and copse, the downs of Effingham, and Clandon, and Horsley. Broad open upland is all around, nor has our nineteenth century as yet broken the spell. One may watch the brickwork and the mouldings that the old knight raised in the heyday of the merry king without disturbance from the world or an echo of busy life. One listens to the cooing of the wood-pigeon in the shady masses of the limes; one may watch the kingfisher skim the unruffled bosom of the Wey, and the heron at work in the shallows. And in the evening there comes across the warren the murmur of the tumbling bays—the invention that the younger Sir Richard brought out of Brabant—and the beat of the water-wheel of the mill, which is the wheel recorded by the Conqueror in his Domesday.

Long may it be before the last window of Sutton is darkened. We are glad that this story, written first in 1879, is reissued in a form which brings it within the reach of many to whom the large edition, with its costly illustrations, was forbidden.

## Other New Books.

ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. BY THE LATE S. R. MAITLAND, D.D.

Dr. Maitland was one of the first modern writers who attempted to revise the traditional English Protestant conception of the Middle Ages. His "Dark Ages" is antiquated in the light of modern scholarship, but it is admirably written, and was certainly successful in its attempt to show that the "Middle" Ages were not "Dark," but that throughout them there was a *catena* of genuine learning, for which the chief credit lies with the great Benedictine monasteries. It was an illuminating and, literally, an epoch-making book, and is thoroughly worthy of re-reading to-day. We do not feel quite sure that the same can be said of the companion volume of essays on the Reformation which Mr. Hutton has been at the pains to reprint. Here Maitland is destructive in his aim, and the prejudices are on his own side. The object of the book is to depreciate the Reformation by belittling the Reformers. The character of the essays is fairly to be gathered from their titles: "Puritan Veracity," "Puritan Style," "The Puritan Palinodie," "The Ribalds," and so forth. We do not think that it is well, in the interests of a sane conception of history in general, and of ecclesiastical history in particular, to revive obsolete controversy of this type. Even Mr. Hutton seems a little ashamed of himself for so doing. His brief introduction is in part devoted to pointing out the caution with which Maitland's conclusions must needs be received—that, for instance, his defence of Bishop Bonner and his attack on the veracity of Foxe, the Martyrologist, are alike overdone. The rest of it is devoted to showing that the significance of the Reformation in the religious life of England was a far greater one than the sort of people who are likely to welcome Maitland's book will be willing to admit. (Lane. 6s. net.)

DANCE IN ALL AGES. BY EDWARD SCOTT.

An adequate history of the dance would be a valuable contribution to anthropology. For such a work there is abundant, if scattered, material. It should discuss the origin of the dance in the festival processions and sacrifices of primitive man, its relation to religious cult, to love-making and to the beginnings of literature, its mimetic character, and its gradual evolution into the drama. The survivals of folk-dance in modern times, and a comparative study of the various types of dance preserved by the different branches of the European stock, would afford interesting chapters; while the adaptation of such primitive types in the more sophisticated performances of the salon and the ballet should not be neglected. In the meantime, Mr. Scott's *Dancing in All Ages* is a very trivial compilation, in spite of his claim, "in addition to literary research, to have made a conscientious study of the art in theory and practice." He confesses that "to the dances of barbarous countries and primitive tribes my attention has not here been given." Unfortunately these are the key of the whole matter, and any account, for instance, of the Greek and Roman dance which does not rest upon these is likely to become mere gossip. This is just what Mr. Scott's book is, and we fear that the literary research of which he speaks is mainly of the nature of unintelligent borrowing from second-hand sources. He writes of "Scheigel" for "Schegel" and "Balsac" for "Balzac" and "Beotia" for "Bœotia" and "Tyson" for "Lysons" and "Bathyllus" for "Bathyllus." He thinks that Roscius was a pantomime dancer, and that the Palilia was a festival of Pallas. His knowledge of such English folk-dances as the "morris dance" and the "sword-dance" is meagre in the extreme. Even his account of the modern society dances is scrappy and anecdotal. In every respect his volume is far inferior to that by Mrs. Lily Grove and others, itself little more than a mere sketch, in the "Badminton" Library. (Sonnenschein.)



SOME TEXTUAL NOTES ON THE TRAGEDIE  
OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. BY A. E. THISELTON.

The textual criticism of Shakespeare has almost reached its term. Since the days of Theobald and Warburton the stream of emendations and restorations of the folio and quarto texts has been a perennial one, and there is probably little left to be guessed which has not already been recorded in the copious *apparatus criticus* of the Cambridge edition. Should, however, that monumental work ever come to require a second revision, the editors might perhaps find some pickings in Mr. Thiselton's modest pamphlet. Mr. Thiselton is a "conservative" critic, and in one or two cases we think that he makes out a fair case for readings of the First Folio which have been somewhat too hastily discarded. At the same time, his reverence for the Folio, which extends to its capitals and its punctuation, is surely overdone, and some of the explanations to which he has recourse in the endeavour to avoid emendation of so much as a comma or an apostrophe are singularly far-fetched and unconvincing. The Folio has

"but all the charmes of Loue,  
Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip.

The least emendation is Steevens's "wan'd lip"; but Mr. Thiselton will have none of it. He writes, "Shakespeare here converts the substantive 'wand' into an adjective, qualifying Cleopatra's lip, which is compared to a wand (1) owing to its form which the act of kissing will soften or bend, and (2) because it is an instrument of enchantment." The first qualification of the textual critic is a *flair* for the possible in language, and we are not sure that Mr. Thiselton has this *flair*. Of the famous *cruz*,

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings,

he says; "They adorned the glances of Cleopatra's eyes by the spectacle of their beauty and grace." This is manifestly absurd on the face of it. An "eye" or a "glance" cannot in any sense be said to be "adorned" by that which it regards. (Clement S. Palmer.)

## Fiction.

*The Orange Girl.* By Sir Walter Besant.  
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

It was the secret glory of Mr. Riach, the journalist-hero of Mr. J. M. Barrie's *When a Man's Single*, that he had encouraged Messrs. Besant and Rice, in print, with the words: "We have read *The Chaplain of the Fleet* without fatigue." For ourselves, we are inclined to use the same phrase, though by no means in the same spirit of patronage, in regard to *The Orange Girl*. There are books which must be read, books which refuse to be read, and books which may be read; and the last are divided into two classes, labelled respectively "with fatigue" and "without fatigue." To assign a novel to the latter class is to praise it; certainly no scorn is implied. And, indeed, we should wish to praise Sir Walter's latest essay in historical fiction. It is better than some of his recent work. It is dignified, scholarly, amiable, well-written, well-arranged, and tremendously *documenté*. Probably no other writer could give such exact and complete pictures of eighteenth-century London as appear again and again in this book. The lore of the thing is prodigious, and handled with genuine manipulative skill. Newgate, King's Bench Prison, pleasure-gardens, Soho "assembly," night-dens, theatre, criminal court, merchant's office, attorney's lair—the completeness of his knowledge embraces them all. Of course, he has performed these feats of an antiquarian fancy before, but—so far as our knowledge

extends—never with more adroitness and efficacy than here. The only fault we have to find with the rich and variegated local colour is that Sir Walter has a too emphatic preference for prison-life and criminal trials. There are three important trials, and scores of pages of prison-life. It is in this connexion—and only in this connexion—that Sir Walter loses sometimes his sense of proportion and comes near to writing a treatise.

It is true that the law of the land gives to every prisoner a groat—fourpence a day—to be paid by the detaining creditor—yet the groat is not always paid, and can only be obtained, if the creditor refuses it, by legal steps, which a man destitute of money cannot take. What attorney will take up the case of a man without a farthing? If the debtor wins his case, how is he to pay the attorney any costs out of fourpence a day? If he wishes to plead in *forma pauperis*, the law allows the warder to charge six shillings and eightpence for leave to go to the Court, and half-a-crown for the turnkey to take him there; what prisoner on the poor side can pay these fees? So that when a prisoner is really poor he cannot get his groats at all, for the creditor will not pay them unless he is obliged. Again, there are other ways of evading the law. If a debtor surrenders in June. . . .

The interest—always a mild and equable interest—resides rather in the scenes taken individually than in the "story." The plot follows an accepted convention, employing conventional figures and conventional devices. The villains are truly villainous: Probus, the attorney, and Merridew, the "thief-taker," equal in turpitude, the most notorious rascals in history. The heroine, who from selling oranges in Drury-lane rose to refuse the hand of a peer, has that incredible purity and that amazing altruism which can exist only under this particular artistic convention. The hero is a good fellow, who suffers and enjoys through no fault or effort of his own, being, in fact, somewhat simple and mediocre. But these matters are quite usual in the historical novel, and have always been so. The convention being accepted, it may be fairly urged against the strength of the plot that there is no vital connexion of sentiment between the heroine and any other personage in the book. One would have thought that a "powerful love-interest" was essential; Sir Walter almost entirely dispenses with it; nor does he seem to put anything in its place.

As we have said, however, the interest depends not on the story. You must look elsewhere for the book's good qualities. And it has good qualities, and nearly every good quality except that which keeps you up at night.

*Quinford.* By Arthur H. Holmes.  
(Unicorn Press. 6s.)

MR. HOLMES has set himself, in this first book, to an enterprise worthy of the author of *What Maisie Knew* and *The Awkward Age*: to recount the loves of four ordinary people, dwelling apart in a village, as they reflected themselves in the mind of one of them, an unmarried woman of forty. We have no desire to rebuke him for audacity; we respect his courage; and if we are unable to congratulate him upon success, that is, at least in part, for a reason more or less accidental. The pen of every good writer of English prose holds in solution a certain bulk of Shakespeare, Defoe, and the Bible: no one resents that. But Mr. Holmes's is clogged with Mr. Henry James and Mr. George Meredith. Let us make that good. Miss Rose reflects, in the midst of a conversation, the space of one page. After which—

A wonderful strength came to her.

Facing him firmly, she held out her hand, her eyes splendidly lighted.

"Yes," she said with emphasis, "I leave it to you."

She knew it was the strongest thing she had ever done.

Everyone is familiar with that wonderful game of Mr. James by which the conclusion of a finely analytic passage is clenched by some banal phrase that, in its setting, jams

conviction tight. And here a moment's random search finds an example of the other:

The intimation was touched, so it seemed, with the joy of life, with the bounding gaiety of days innocently riotous: she found in it the suggestion of those sweets of existence which, in one shape or another, lie back in the consciousness or plead in the devotions of all men, taking from the great external elements an essence which revivifies and adorns the internal, finding the beauty of earth in the excellence of its gifts to the individual—the sunny, alluring, impassioning gifts which appeal to the human without offending the divine. And so finding she was given the thing discovered: possession was earned by mere sight.

Now, what with the critical pre-occupation inevitable in the case of a writer who fashions his work so obviously upon living models, and the comparison that upon every page he seems directly to challenge, it is extremely difficult to submit oneself to illusion, or to assay the work otherwise than by comparison; which, it must be confessed, is in Mr. Holmes's regard very odious. The ideal critic would be an intelligent and educated person unacquainted with the work of either master; and such a person it would not be easy to find. In his default, we are able to say of Mr. Holmes only that he is a writer of insight and industry; and that if he can enlarge himself from the limitations of his otherwise commendable idolatry, he may in the future be expected to give us something that will be read—but tremendously read (as Mr. James might say).

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### OUR LADY OF DARKNESS.

By BERNARD CAPES.

Another story of the French Revolution, by the author of *The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette*. Mr. Capes's new hero is a young English aristocrat imbued with the teachings of Tom Paine and the Encyclopædists. He visits France, meets an extraordinary girl, dislikes her, misunderstands her, loves her, and on the scaffold loses her. (Blackwood. 6s.)

#### THE VIOLET FLAME.

By FRED. T. JANE.

A clever scientific-miraculous story by the author of *His Lordship, The Passen, and We*. "Mirzarbeau did not let the grass grow under his feet; three days after that interview with Miss Baker, the whole of London was placarded with his pretensions. The posters were, at any rate, masterpieces of simplicity: 'I, Fleuris Mirzarbeau, am the Man called The Beast, in the Book of Revelation. I shall rule the World. It was my Hand that destroyed Waterloo Station; and thus will I destroy all the Earth unless my Power is recognised.'" This is but the beginning of wonders, all of which are laid in London. (Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE SHADOW ON THE MANSE.

By CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

This novel, by the author of *The Loveliest Woman in London* and other novels, is a story of religion and the stage. The two elements meet when the new minister and the new laird—old schoolfellows—find themselves neighbours. This is how an old gardener warns the Rev. Basil Hamilton against Tom Featherstone: "Never say a word, man, but he's gat mair than a dizen—a hale dizen, min' ye—o' real livin' play-actors coming by the morn's first steamer, a' straight red-het fra London, and the hauf o' them weemin—weemin! Dae ye hear that?" (Greening. 6s.)

#### AGAINST THE TIDES OF FATE.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

Contains thirteen stories, by the author of *Steve Brown's Bunyip*. It is a pity that the title-page and cover do not indicate this fact. Most of the stories are of the sea and Australian life. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE BOND OF BLACK.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

"Although the police were, by these revelations of Muriel's, made aware of the existence of Satanism in London, the suicide of their head made it unnecessary for any details of the *cultus diabolicus* to be given to the public through the medium of the sensational Press." But the sensational novel had its mission to perform: hence these lurid pages by the author of *If Sinners Entice Thee*. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

#### SIR SERGEANT.

By W. L. WATSON.

We wonder how many romances of the '45 are published per annum. To do Mr. Watson justice his narrative is one of adventures that "ensued upon the '45." It is a gallant story. A good passage is the description of a keen fencing-bout between Lord Balmeath and his daughter, Lady Christine. (Blackwood. 6s.)

#### A NEW DIVINITY.

By "CHOLA."

Ten slight stories of Indian life. The first, which gives the title to the book, tells how a very objectionable English member of the Indian Civil Service was thrown from his horse and killed, and thereupon converted by the natives into a deity and placated with choice cigars. Of one of the other stories the author says that it was, when it first appeared, "much mutilated to fit the editor's Procrustean bed." (Longmans. 2s. 6d.)

#### LOVE'S DEPTHS.

By GEORGES OHNET.

A translation, by Mr. Fred. Rothwell, of a typical "Ohnet." All the ingredients are here, mixed with the old skill. The villainess-in-chief, Mme. Florence Lefrançois, is a miracle of turpitude. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

#### THE LITTLE NOVICE.

By ALIX KING.

A story of two English girls educated in a French convent. Muriel decides to be a nun, but, meeting a medical student, changes her plans and becomes a lady doctor. Frustrated love follows, but the end is bliss. Incidentally a doctor is called a "disciple of Æsculapius," and hell "a place whose climate is not considered particularly salubrious." (Cassell. 6s.)

#### SUCH IS THE LAW.

By MARIE M. SADLEIR.

A melodramatic mixture. Lavender Garland loves Sidney Weston, a drunkard. Few could look at her sweet face, or meet her deep, luminous eyes, without a pull at their heartstrings. Weston dies, and Lavender suffers until Sir Spencer Percival leads her to the altar on his immaculate arm. After the wedding the glory of the setting sun glinted on her rippling hair and shone on her dewy eyes till he tenderly kissed the tears away. (Greening. 6s.)

#### THE DESIRE OF MAN.

By L. T. MEADE.

Mrs. Meade calls her new story an "impossibility," and we are disposed to agree with her. Mr. Rochester, aged seventy-five, is transformed, through the occult skill of Dr. Jellybrand, to a young man of full vigour and an incapacity to die. This regeneration is transmitted to him by his grand-daughter Eugenia, who holds his hands and looks intense. The story then begins, and at the end Mr. Rochester expresses himself ready for death. (Digby Long & Co. 6s.)

#### FURZE BLOOM.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

Hitherto all the stories in "The Novelist," Messrs. Methuen's sixpenny series of new fiction, have been long. The present book is, however, a collection of twelve tales of the Western Moors, by a writer who knows his subject as well as anyone. "Genefer," "A Can of Whortles," "Anthony Blight," "Ruth Tregoddeck," "Polly Porter"—these are some of the titles. (Methuen. 6d.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## Express Literature.

THOSE persons who wondered how the newspaper correspondents who were gathered together at Rennes spent their time after the hearings were done—hearings that began at six in the morning and were over before ordinary business has made a start—will find in this book a partial solution. Mr. Steevens, at any rate, was occupied as historian. His *Daily Mail* article once out of the way, he was at liberty to cast the drama upon which he was a privileged spectator into narrative form. The result lies before us,\* a notable example of that rapid modern publishing which is merely an extension of journalism.

To review Mr. Steevens's work in the ordinary way is impossible, because no reviewer has any exact knowledge on the subject. It is one of the cases where the critic confesses at once, and without shame, that the author is his superior in information. Mr. Steevens was at Rennes; we were not: hence we can but say that his book is workmanlike in arrangement, incisively written, and very readable. Instead, therefore, of detailed criticism we extract descriptions of Dreyfus, Mercier, and Picquart, which show how capably Mr. Steevens comes to his work as special correspondent:

## ALFRED DREYFUS.

There came in a little old man—an old, old man of thirty-nine. A small-statured, thick-set old man in the black uniform of the artillery; over the red collar his hair was gone white as silver, and on the temples and at the back of the crown he was bald. As he turned to face the judges there was a glimpse of a face both burned and pale—a rather broad, large-featured face with a thrusting jaw and chin. It was not Jewish in expression until you saw it in profile. . . .

He walked up two steps to his seat with a gait full of resolve, yet heavy, constrained, mechanical—such a gait as an Egyptian mummy might walk with if it came to life in its swathing grave-clothes. He saluted the President with a white-gloved hand, took off his képi, sat down. An officer of gendarmes followed and sat down behind him. The Registrar, rising from beside the prosecuting officer, read out the general order constituting the court; then the white moustache and imperial twitched as the President, in a small voice, put a question to the prisoner. Another sudden stillness: then came the voice of Dreyfus. No one heard what it said—thin, sapless, split, it was such as might rustle from the lips of a corpse.

What he had said was, "Alfred Dreyfus; Captain of Artillery; thirty-nine years." With these three common phrases he broke the silence of four years and a half. Nothing could be more formal, and yet here in the first five minutes of the trial was summed up the whole incredibly romantic history. Alfred Dreyfus—five years ago nobody knew there was such a name in the world; now the leading comic singer of Paris, who was born with it, has changed it because it is too embarrassingly famous. Captain of Artillery—and generals who have led armies in the presence of the enemy have lost their commands because of him. Thirty-nine years—and here were men who were known before he was born staking their ripe reputations for or against him. Sitting within ten yards of him were Casimir-Perier, the only living ex-Chief of

the State in which he was a simple unit; Mercier, Billot, Cavaignac, Zurlinden, Chanoine—five successive heads, and half a dozen generals besides, of the army in which he was an unregarded subordinate; Hanotaux, the Minister who for years has conducted foreign relations in which he could never have dreamed of figuring—all there because he was. Novelists like Prévost and Mirbeau, essayists like Maurice Barrès, philosophers like Max Nordau, French journalists like Arthur Meyer and Cornély, foreign journalists who linked the whole world together—they had all come to see him. There were men like Picquart and Lebrun-Renault, nobodies when last he knew and spoke with them—now famous in two continents just because they had known and spoken with him. Most dramatic of all, there was a little, close-veiled woman in black—Madame Henry—a woman he had never seen, widow of a man whom he never knew, yet who had risen to celebrity and fallen to an infamous death because of him.

What did he think of such a miracle, such an irony? To all appearances he did not think of it at all. He sat rigid and upright, hugging his chair close with back and legs and feet, his hands folded to the képi on his knees.

## COLONEL PICQUART.

His demeanour was not at all conciliatory. He approached with absolute calm on a face that bears no sign of passion either for good or evil: he looks—and looks as if he knows he looks—the embodiment of pure reason. He settled himself very carefully and lengthily on the witness's chair, got his shoulder-blades comfortably into the back, crossed his leg over his knee, and pulled down his trousers over his boots. Then he poured out a glass of water and laid both hands firmly on the table before him. He suggested that, while far from wishing to swagger, he knew he was master of the situation. When he began to speak there was neither the ease of conversation nor the rhythm of declamation. You remembered that he had been a professor at the École de Guerre. It was a lecture, pure and simple; and the first word was as distinct and clear cut as the last. His whole demeanour said, "Now, gentlemen, I must ask you to listen to me. I shall take some time; but, if you will only listen, you have now the chance of your lives to understand the Dreyfus case."

And then, without hesitation or confusion, Colonel Picquart explained the Dreyfus case for seven hours and a half. It was a masterpiece of reasoning—the intellectual triumph of the trial. I should strongly advise the French War Office to make its peace with Colonel Picquart, for he has a better head than all the generals put together.

## GENERAL MERCIER.

Mercier's personality strikes the note of the whole Dreyfus case. Looking at his back as he gave evidence—tall, straight, and slim—you could have called him soldierly and suspected him stupid. On his face and neck the bronzed skin hangs loosely. There is neither depth of cranium nor height of forehead to hold a brain in. The eyes are slits with heavy-curtained lids and bags beneath them that turn the drooping cheeks into caverns. A little moustache and beard frame thin lips that might be evil, sensuous, humorous, but could never be human. If you look at his head you think him a vulture; if at his face you call him a mummy. He speaks in a low, passionless monotone; his gestures are calculated to follow his words instead of proceeding, as a Frenchman's should, along with them, on the same impulse. When he was interrupted by Casimir-Perier he persisted in his assertions with the dogged mumble of a schoolboy detected in a lie. As he sat and strove to wind the toils of treason round the prisoner he seemed as unmoved by hate as by pity; he accused him dully, as if repeating a lesson. Cold, deliberate, tortuous, thorough yet ineffective, verbose but not candid, battling bravely with native stupidity, truly believing himself to be doing God's work, fearless of responsibility, untouched by anger or pity, fear or hope either for others or for himself—General Mercier was the very type and mirror of a Jesuit Grand Inquisitor.

When the time comes—if ever it does come—for the trial of Dreyfus's oppressors and the real traitor, we hope that Mr. Steevens may again be present. We need his portrait of Esterhazy.

\* *The Tragedy of Dreyfus.* By G. W. Steevens. (Harper Brothers. 5s.)

## The Ineligible "Elegy."

LAST week, in a little sketch called "The Reading Class," I rather casually suggested that Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" ought to be excluded from school reading-books. I propose now to show literary reason for this exclusion. It will be admitted that this beautiful poem is to be found in almost every school Reader, that, in fact, it has been selected as a kind of elocutionary whetstone for the British schoolboy. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that it has had, and is having, a great influence in the formation of a taste for poetry. And a taste for poetry is one of the supreme savours of life!

Now, the natural boy hates poetry. He may come to like brave rhymes and jingling metres, but, as a rule, he likes in verse only what he likes better in prose. If his taste for poetry is to grow, it must be tenderly watered; and the custom is to water it with Gray's "Elegy."

It is a bad choice. I do not wish to lay too much stress on the structural difficulties of the "Elegy," or on those feats of misunderstanding which boys will bring to almost any poem put before them; but certainly, if there is a poem which is strewn with pitfalls, and which opens the doors of the Vague to the youthful mind, it is the "Elegy." My proposition last week that "to boys the whole poem is unreal," has brought me a letter from an old school friend, who languished in the same arid pastures of literature as myself. In it he says: "As to Gray's 'Elegy,' I am sure you are right. I remember how I used to grind through it without one word of explanation when I was a little fellow of ten years of age [observe, *ten*!]: each line went by itself, and one consequence was that the thing in the piece that impressed me most was the reference to

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

I had had my neck nearly wrung off in those days for once saying that a noun 'governed' something, and I was not the boy to risk a further twisting by asking if it was the Polar Bear that was meant; but there was a magnificent remoteness in the dwelling of this creature that always pleased me, and it was not till later that I discovered what the verse really meant."

Is not this pathetic? Could a boy's inability to grapple with poetic forms and ideas be better illustrated? Yet I knew a boy of sixteen, who led our Sunday evening hymns, to whom the words

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?

conveyed the notion that Paradise was a hard old worldling who did not—and would not—crave for rest.

It is of small use to say that the teacher of a reading class ought to explain difficult points. If he began to explain Gray's "Elegy" he would never be done. The object of a reading class is to teach reading. If the reading matter provided is beyond the boys' grasp, they cannot deliver it properly; while if the teacher is to clear the way with explanations, the main end will hardly be gained. You don't exercise colts on stony ground, and to throw stumbling-blocks of sense in the way of a boy whose tongue you are training seems rather inept. It is doubtful, moreover, whether the most capable reading master could, with hammering talk of Subject, Predicate, Clause, Connexion, and what not, or by any more humane process, get his boys to understand some of the verses in the "Elegy." Let those who have suffered—and most of us are in this boat—recall their pangs of conscious dulness when they grappled with the three-stanza sentence:

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

To carry boys over the Pons Asinorum is child's play compared with making them understand the "Elegy." My friend's vision of a submarine bear might, no doubt, have been dissipated by his teacher in a trice; although, when you think of it, it seems scarcely just to expect any mortal teacher to divine that such an idea had occurred to any mortal boy. But these verbal pitfalls may pass; there are higher misunderstandings and disabilities. I remember that an excellent reading master once drilled us for a quarter of an hour in the delivery of Gray's line—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

He said, and I am very sure he was right, that we failed to express the sadness and irony of the contrast between the path and its goal. I have often thought that as the years go by and go by I shall become more capable of delivering that line as my master wished me to deliver it in 1879. It is one of those lines which one learns to speak in the Reading-class of Life. I believe that this master failed to see that the line was beyond our powers, because, in such a special sense, it was beyond our experience. For us the paths of glory led to the cricket field, to B— Common, and to the clean, wide ice on H— Dam.

Yet the real case against the "Elegy" has still to be stated. It is not the presence of isolated, difficult lines which makes Gray's poem the most unsuitable in the language to put before boys. It is the whole mind of the "Elegy," which is a concentrated account of a mood impossible to the young. The poem touches a boy nowhere. It gives him no cue; there is no beckoning familiar thing to hearten and invite, no fulcrum by which a healthy lad can lift the deadweight of a *man's* world-weariness.

It may be said that the very difficulty of the "Elegy" is good to stretch a boy's mind. Not so, for the wedge principle is wanting. Difficulties are good where the boy recognises something as his own. Any one of Shakespeare's plays contains lines and moods as far from a boy's experience as the "Elegy." But the difference is vital. In the play (I am thinking particularly of "Julius Cæsar," through which we were once taken in admirable style and to our life-long advantage) the parts which are within a boy's grasp explain, or at the least humanise, the parts which are beyond his grasp. The boy builds on the ground he can occupy, and the rest is insensibly laid out in building plots in his mind. As life goes on, he takes up this ground, and the play goes with him, and becomes a running commentary on life. Any piece of literature which takes large account of life is pretty safe provender for boys. They find their own, and, recognising that the whole is organic and true, they are willing to know in part and prophesy in part. But the "Elegy"—what root has it in boyhood? What boy ever believed in the "hoary-headed swain" or the "forefathers of the hamlet"? As for the youth who gave to Misery all he had, a tear, and gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend, no schoolboy ever understood that transaction. And this poem, which boys cannot understand, and masters cannot hope to explain, is our accepted introduction to Poetry. That is where the mischief lies. The "Elegy" is torn to tatters, and Poetry is not recommended. Nor is the hardship a mere school-days' affair, as the grown man learns when he is prompted to turn to the "Elegy"—and finds, not a poem, but a phonograph. Z.



## Beauchamp's Case.

WHAT I saw was this: a man in clerical dress sprawling on the ale-house bench, drinking and laughing with the village yokels. The entire abandon of his manner was amazing: he was of them; his was the loudest guffaw. Shepherd and flock were on common ground—the communism of the bench outside the village ale-house.

Later, over a cup of tea, I mentioned the incident to my sister, at whose house I was staying. She shook her head (the little grey curls on either side twiddled against each other), and pressed the tomato sandwiches on me.

"But the ale-house incident!" I persisted. "Is it not strange that a parson should—er—care to hobnob with the village yokels?"

"Ah! Mr. Beauchamp has odd habits."

"Beauchamp!" I echoed, remembering that there had been something familiar in my glimpse of that long figure sprawling on the ale-house bench. "Harry Beauchamp do you mean?"

She nodded. "Did you know him?"

"As one of the most brilliant men I have ever known. He was not a particularly good scholar, but he had remarkable gifts of understanding and intuition. He seemed to know things by a sixth sense, to understand them, to be of them and yet above them."

"Like Shakespeare!" interposed my hostess, a satirical gleam in her eye.

"Like Shakespeare!" I repeated, and I meant it. "But his were awful gifts. He gained his experience too quickly. We said of him that at thirty he would have exhausted life—and then—"

She looked curiously at me. "Then is now! Come to-morrow morning and hear him preach."

The next day was Sunday. We walked over the fields to his church. On the way we discussed Harry Beauchamp. He had descended upon the parish three years ago, with the effect of a captain of Dragoons on a girls' school. Churchgoing became popular; tea at the rectory developed into a function, and Beauchamp into a craze. Within six months he married a charming widow of good family, who read Spinoza, played Dvorák after breakfast, and talked of mediæval art. Her boudoir at the rectory was refurnished in modest imitation of Walter Pater's green drawing-room, and Mrs. Beauchamp was referred to in the county journal as "the most cultured and the most exquisitely dressed woman in East Anglia."

"The effect on Beauchamp," continued my sister, "was characteristic. With his extraordinary power of living a year in a week, he went through and emerged on the other side of the culture pose long before the green drawing-room was ready for use. A dog that's fed on dainties and lives in unnatural luxury will, you know, when he gets the chance, delight in gutter garbage. Beauchamp's descent, if I may call it descent, was more fastidious. He craved for the life of the natural man; the veneer and trappings of the artificial environment into which he had dropped—bored and irritated him. He sought his companions among men who knew about things at first hand—shepherds, labourers, sailors, and the like. He took to drinking beer, smoking a clay pipe, and using the dialect. He refused to go about with his wife because, he said, the swish of her silk skirts maddened him. She died when their child was born—luckily."

"And then?"

"Then he married the daughter of a 'looker'—that is, a man who looks after sheep. She can't read or write, and they live in a cottage with a brick floor, and a living-room that opens on to the street. But here is the church. His sermon may interest you."

Beauchamp's faithlessness to his caste had affected his appearance to the extent that he now allowed his hair and beard to grow as it listed. But his brain had not lost quality, nor his voice conviction. The way he declaimed

the words, "I will arise and go to my father," as if, after long doubt and pain, the impulse had just seized him and he must away at once, thrilled the crowded, curious congregation. He read the lessons with remarkable elocutionary skill, and his part in the liturgy was spoken as if it was new to him that morning. I began to question if this was the man I had seen lolling on the ale-house bench the previous day, and my doubts deepened till he reached the penultimate stage of the sermon. It had been a powerful discourse, scholarly, allusive, clothed in fine nervous English, but at a certain point—well do I remember it, and the sensation it made—he broke, without effort, and apparently without premeditation, into the almost unintelligible dialect of the district. More: he dropped at once to the level of the least intelligent among his hearers. His allusions became broad and homely, his manner colloquial, his thought dull and slow. It was a most significant, a most bewildering exhibition.

"Do you ever see him? Does he ever call?" I asked my sister as we walked home.

She gave a slight, but expressive, shrug to her shoulders. "Last year, when an attractive woman was staying with me, he amazed us all by appearing in the drawing-room, one afternoon, clothed and in his right mind, but the gleam did not lighten him beyond the afternoon. That evening he was playing quoits with the hoppers."

"We can do nothing to help him, I suppose?"

"Nobody can help Harry Beauchamp. There is only one way for him—his own way. We can but watch and wonder."

The next day I met him in the village street, wearing a smock-frock, and carrying a thistle-spud. He touched his cap and gave me a gruff "Good morning."

My sister went abroad that autumn, and did not return till the late spring of the following year. I visited her in the month of June.

"Well, what about Beauchamp?" I asked. "Are his sermons entirely in the dialect now?"

"We see nothing of him. His wife still lives in the village."

"And he?"

"Still consistent. He's dropped a step—several steps—lower. I can show you his dwelling-place, if you like."

She took me to an upper window, and indicated a small, low building, looking like a cattle-shed, far away in the marsh lands—the famous grazing lands where cattle and innumerable sheep wander.

"Well?" I said.

"If you want Harry Beauchamp you must seek him there," she answered.

That evening I crossed the marshes and cautiously approached the shed. It was empty. But the interior showed signs—signs the merest, but signs—of habitation. A truss of not over-clean hay was strewn in the corner, and alongside were several roots, some nibbled, others half-eaten. There was no window, and the odour of the place was unpleasant.

Determined to have speech with the owner, even if I waited till his return, I crossed a brook that ran by the side of the shed and, crouching between a clump of bushes, waited. And while I waited, staring out over the wide plains, and wondering at the strange pranks Nature allows her children to play, I saw across a couple of fields something moving among a herd of cattle that were whisking their tails and rubbing their mild faces against the wire fencing. It was Beauchamp—on all-fours.

I did not speak to him.

## Things Seen.

### At the Worcester Festival.

SIDE by side lay the knight and his lady, their hands folded in prayer on their bosoms. Time had smoothed away the corners of the painted marble tomb; smoothed away their features, too, so that nothing remained but the placid, pious smile. A less gentle hand than Time's had dealt more ruthlessly with them. The dog against which their feet rested was headless; so was the eagle which served as a pillow. And one of the lady's feet, emerging from her stiffly folded skirt, was broken off.

The gaily-dressed, fashionable crowd began to pour into the Cathedral and fill the seats that stretched lengthwise down the nave and aisles from west to east. A Gothic arch watched over the eternal slumber of the peaceful pair. But chairs and seats were squeezed in at each end of the tomb, and along the sides, and soon hats gay with flowers and feathers nodded all around them, so that they might have been lying on a bed of bright blossoms.

Horatio Parker's "*Horæ Novissimæ*" thundered and triumphed down the nave and aisles. The voice of Albani floated in and out of the arches like a golden bird. It seemed to me that the knight and his lady listened reverently. Then the strains of Palestrina's "*Stabat Mater*," borne on the human voice, rose and fell with a pious wailing. I shut my eyes and my spirit flew back a few centuries. I seemed to be walking with the knight and his lady through dimly-lighted cloisters, listening to the doleful chanting of pale nuns and saints.

I opened my eyes. They still lay in their stone slumber, their hands folded in placid piety. Round about waved the gaudy hats. Someone had laid a red silk parasol, trimmed with chiffon and ribbons, and with a ripe tomato for a handle, down beside the lady; and on her body, resting just below the folded hands, was a pile of music books—Spohr's "*Last Judgment*," "*Horæ Novissimæ*," and a heavily-bound volume of Beethoven's Symphonies.

Assuredly I was back in the nineteenth century again.

### Progress.

I HAD strolled across into the village churchyard to listen, for the organ was giving out "*Abide with Me*." The sun had set an hour ago, but here and there a broadening patch of light spread from the church windows. In one of the patches stood a figure, bent over a stick.

"I suppose we ought to be inside?" I said.

"Ay," he replied. And I saw that he was very, very old. His voice was high-pitched, and shaky.

"But we are pretty near," I argued.

"Might as well be ten mile away as jest outside," he said.

Inside rough rustic voices caught up the hymn. Just for something to say, I asked if Mr. Evershed were not the organist; for Mr. Evershed is everything in the village, from overseer to general provider of necessities.

"So they tell me," he said. Then, peering round at me, he added. "I used to play de organ there."

"It's a nice organ," I said.

"Ah, 't'warn't a finger-organ what I played," he said. "Two bar'ls it got. Parson come one marnin' and said: 'You got to grind de organ at church,' he said. I was skeered at first, but I soon come to it like. I played de organ twelve year and more."

"How many tunes did it play?"

"There was twelve toons, six on each bar'l. And I had to hold up one bar'l with one hand while I grind on de other, else it'd go slib-slib like."

He illustrated it—for a moment—with his two hands and his stick; but ceased perforce and leaned again more heavily.

"What became of that organ?" I asked.

"Sold it—up—somewhere—in de shires," he piped, while his head bobbed with exhaustion from his pantomime. "Four or five pounds it fetched. I'd have liked to have had it in my room, jest to give me a toon now and then, when I turned the 'andle."

The hymn died down; and silence fell upon the churchyard.

"Ah, they can't sing bass to them finger-organs," said the old man, bowing over his stick. A few moments of silence, and then the soft fluster of a congregation released from prayer.

"I reckon they've finished blowin'," said the old man. And contempt squeaked in his voice as he plodded into the gloom.

## R. L. S. at Anstruther.

A MEMORIAL-STONE was last week inserted in the wall of Cunzie House at Anstruther, where R. L. Stevenson lived during some of his early engineering days. The stone bears the following inscription:

Robert Louis Stevenson lived in this house in the summer of 1868.

Not one quick beat of your warm heart,  
Nor thought that came to you apart,  
Pleasure nor pity, love nor pain  
Nor sorrow, has gone by in vain

From the breezy street corners of Edinburgh, and from the high windows of his father's house, the child Stevenson looked across the Forth, where the ships were "tacking for the Baltic," or returning from the Indies, "laden with parrots and tobacco," to Fife and its "little towns posted along the shore as thick as sedges, each with its bit of harbour, its old church or public building, its flavour of decayed prosperity and decaying fish."

And it was to Fife that he went with his father on his first journey "in the complete character of man, without the help of petticoats," hanging about with his hands in his pockets, the east wind humming in his teeth, and his head already full of ballads and the romance of history, whilst his father dealt severely with the guardians of the harbour lights. Then, as afterwards, Stevenson loved to turn back his mental clock two hundred years. For him Magus Muir, over which he drove with his father, was still a "desert place, quite unenclosed; in the midst the primate's carriage fleeing at the gallop; the assassins loose-reined in pursuit, Burley Balfour, pistol in hand, among the first. . . . The figure that always fixed my attention is that of Hackston, of Rathillet, sitting in the saddle with his cloak about his mouth," and taking "no hand in the deed because he had a private spite against the victim. . . . It is an old temptation with me to pluck away that cloak and see the face, to open that bosom and to read the heart. With incomplete romances about Hackston the drawers of my youth were lumbered."

This was but the first of many such journeys, and five years later Stevenson, now a lanky youth, was sent to Anstruther to glean engineering experience from the building of the breakwater.

What I gleaned I am sure I do not know; but, indeed, I had already my own private determination to be an author, . . . and in those days, though I haunted the breakwater by day, and even loved the place for the sake of the sunshine, the thrilling seaside air, the wash of waves on the sea face, the green glimmer of the divers' helmets far below, and the musical clinking of the masons, my one genuine preoccupation lay elsewhere, and my only industry was in the hours when I was not on duty. I lodged with a certain Bailie Brown, a carpenter by trade; and there, as soon as dinner was despatched, in a chamber scented with dry rose leaves, drew my chair to the table, and proceeded to pour forth literature at such a speed, and with such intimations of early death and immortality, as I



now look back upon with wonder. Then it was that I wrote *Voces Fidelium*, a series of dramatic monologues in verse; then that I indited the bulk of a Covenanting novel—like so many others, never finished. Late I sat into the night, toiling (as I thought) under the very dart of death, toiling to leave a memory behind me. I feel moved to thrust aside the curtain of the years, to hail that poor feverish idiot, to bid him go to bed and clap *Voces Fidelium* on the fire before he goes; so clear does he appear before me, sitting there between his candles in the rose-scented room and the late night; so ridiculous a picture (to my elderly wisdom) does the fool present!

Bailie Brown's (or Cunzie House) was, unfortunately, not one of the old red-tiled dwellings which line the shore, looking on the brown-sailed herring-boats coming in and out, and the white gulls circling round them, but a middle-aged house, standing rather listlessly with its shoulder to the high road that passes on to Crail, and with no view of the sea and not much of anything else from its windows. The *Random Memories*, from which we quote above, are supplemented now by two or three vivid, boyish letters from Anstruther, which open the selection from his correspondence that has lit up each number of *Scribner*, month by month, since January. We meet again in these letters the rose-leaves and the pier-foot, catch a glimpse of Mrs. Brown, "a motherly lot," and of the household economy; hear of a ride, a bathe, an evening with a strolling band of players in the town-hall, a visit to a psalmody class, where "one of the girls has a glorious voice," until at last, with a cold in his head and very homesick, he writes to his mother craving to be advised "to cut the business and come right slick out to Swanston."

Here, then, in Anstruther, during these summer days, the two branches of Stevenson's education were being carried on side by side—the education of an engineer, which was to have no result, save that to such as R. L. S. each piece of acquired knowledge is another key placed in his hand wherewith to unlock fresh doors in the kingdom of romance, and that other education, chiefly self-given, which was to make of him—

A priest to us all  
Of the wonder and bloom of the world,  
an apostle of courage and of joy.

In my view [he says in a recently published letter] one dank, dispirited word is harmful, a crime of *lèse-humanité*, a piece of acquired evil; every gay, every bright word or picture, like every pleasant air of music, is a piece of pleasure set afloat. The reader catches it and, if he be healthy, goes on his way rejoicing; and it is the business of art so to send him as often as possible.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

A GREAT deal of curiosity has been expressed as to the impressions made upon the Lord Chief Justice by the Dreyfus trial on the days that he sat it out at Rennes. In the Park on Sunday afternoon one of the speakers said he would give a penny for Lord Russell's thoughts about the court-martial, whereupon a second citizen cried out that "he could see through the generals." Of this particular trial Lord Russell, a guest for the occasion, would probably prefer to say little; and, as a matter of fact, that little would be hardly distinguishable amid the far more emphatic expressions of opinion pronounced generally by the English public and in the English Press. Lord Russell did not think the French procedure precisely the travesty of justice it was frequently represented to be; and, while far from pronouncing a verdict of "guilty," he yet thought there were unravelled clues and unexplained suspiciousnesses enough to explain why Frenchmen, swayed in their judgment by popular passions, might hesitate to pronounce innocence. One thing appeared quite clear to the great English lawyer—that a court-martial is far

less satisfactory for a soldier so accused than would be the secular tribunal of the country, presided over by a civilian judge. That hint is one which must henceforth be borne in mind in England, as well as in France.

AMONG the most pleasant reminiscences of his brief command at Cape Town, Sir William Butler ranks his meeting with Mr. Schreiner and with Olive Schreiner. Under the peculiar circumstances, the acquaintanceship was mutually agreeable; and Olive Schreiner, in her new manifesto, refers to the "line of great Englishmen, from the days of General Dundas and Sir George Grey to those of Sir William Butler," who have treated the Boer from the standpoint of "broad humanity." As to that, the compliment to Sir William Butler, who is proud of nothing if not of being an Irishman, may be just a little impaired by that lack in our language of a word of common denomination for an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman.

THE illness of Mr. John Aird, M.P., has given all his friends a fright. There is now no longer any need for the straw which during the past fortnight has littered the Bayswater-road in front of the large corner house in Hyde Park-terrace; and Mr. Aird himself, instead of hospital nurses, takes daily drives in the Park, now empty of almost everybody except the invalids kept in town, or the friends who have stayed to nurse them, and whose meetings become almost comic in their daily recurrence. Mr. Aird dates his illness from his visit not long ago to Egypt, where he has an interest in the new irrigation works on the Nile.

MR. RICHARD WHITEING, who has lived in Paris, and has an intimate understanding of French moods, is expressing himself on the Dreyfus case in the new and revised edition of *The Island*, a brilliant novel which somehow missed making the success reserved to *No. 5, John Street*.

THERE were rather delicate situations connected with the visit of the three hundred French *savants* to Dover. At the Castle, for instance, the dungeons which derive their chief interest from their occupation by French prisoners had to go undescribed. It happened that very few of the guests had ever seen the English coast from France; so that they were all the more delighted when they saw France quite plainly from Dover. The friendly sense of neighbourliness suggested by the proximity of the two shores was kept somewhat in check by the sight of the immense military precautions taken against invasion from possible foes so close at hand.

THE visits of the Queen to the West of England have been very few, apart from the circumstance of her residence at Sidmouth in her early years. Probably to make up for this accidental neglect, rather than for any special importance of the occasion, the Queen will pay a visit to Bristol in November to open a hospital of moderate dimensions. Her visit puts an end to at least one local legend—that has assigned to Her Majesty an undying aversion for Bristol because, at the time of her wedding, some wag of the city hung out festoons, not of flowers, but of German sausages.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who is deep in the interminable papers and letters of Mr. Gladstone, has found it necessary to seek special assistance in the task of arranging documents for the memoir. A young journalist, from the staff of a London weekly paper, has consequently been summoned to Hawarden to give to Mr. Morley the help he requires.

## Correspondence.

## Cary's Translation of Dante.

SIR,—The difficulty of translating the *Divine Comedy* lies not so much in its metre as in a certain consequence of that metre. The use of the complex *terza rima* imposed on Dante a terse and pregnant sentence-structure, sufficiently harmonious with his stern genius. It is these short sentences which render the choice of a metre for translation so perplexing. The *terza rima* simply will not do in English. The natural course in such a case is to throw over the original metre, and adopt some form of the verse nationally consecrated to epic poetry. So Cary thought, and used Miltonic blank verse. Now, obviously Miltonic blank verse is a very big coat, which fits ill on a very little man. Nevertheless, for an undeniably small man Cary really did not do so badly, and might have done yet better but for the inherent obstacles of his author.

He failed to realise that Miltonic blank verse, like *terza rima*, demands a certain type of sentence-structure, unfortunately, the very opposite type—a sentence structure ample, intricate, revolving to its close through many members. But how is such a necessity to be reconciled with the curt, sententious, pregnant structure imposed on Dante by *terza rima*, and exactly conformable with his genius? It is irreconcilable, and Cary did not grasp the point; consequently the brusque Dantean sentences are for ever clashing with the metre. Where the metrical character prepares us to anticipate a full and swelling procession of sound the sentence structure jerks us up abruptly. The result is like a man of deliberate stride walking among stones, over which he is perpetually stumbling with ungainly effect, for which he is not himself responsible, except that he should have chosen another walking ground or acquired another walk.

But what metre, then, shall we choose? Ah, there is the difficulty! It must be a metre which lends itself to this disconcerting brevity of the Dantean sentence, which is indigenous, and which is lofty—"of such high matter does it entertain." No "naturalised" metre will avail. Rhyming heroics are too contracted, too monotonous for a poem of such length; nor can the greatest master of metre keep them on the grand plane for more than a brief while, and by a *tour de force*. Solve this question and you have won half the battle. But so far translators have proved only the difficulty of solving it: they have tried the impossible *terza rima*; they have tried to substitute for it unrhymed triplets, flat as stale soda-water—in fact, no metre; and all have failed. Those curt Dantean sentences are only natural in a measure like *terza rima*, knotted up by its complex rhyme form. Find a like English measure which is at the same time elevated, or else fall back on some adaptable variety of blank verse—quite un-Miltonic. That is the way of Mr. Symonds in the occasional passages he rendered with no inconsiderable success, and it is perhaps the solution. But its achievement demands at least a quasi-poet; and even quasi-poets will seldom blunt their teeth on a solid epic; it is usually writers incapable of original work who seek fame in this way; and they are the very men from whom we can hope but a partial success. Nor is the exception of Longfellow one *pour encourager les autres*.—I am, &c.,

September 16, 1899.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SIR,—The depreciation of old translations proceeds apace. I am glad your reviewer does not wholly give in to Mr. Kettle. May I venture to quote a verdict of some weight on the subject?

"It is generally better to read ten lines of any poet in the original, however painfully, than ten cantos of a translation. But an exception may be made in favour of

Cary's Dante. If no poet was ever liable to lose more in translation, none was ever so carefully translated; and I hardly know whether most to admire the rigid fidelity or the sweet and solemn harmony of Cary's verse. . . . It is true that the conciseness and the rivulet-like melody of Dante must continually be lost; but if I could only read English, and had to choose, for a library narrowed by poverty, between Cary's Dante and our own original Milton, I should choose Cary without an instant's pause."—(*The Stones of Venice*, vol. ii., p. 262, new edition.)

Fortified by the opinion of the most considerable man of letters living, I do not mean to give up Cary just yet.—I am, &c.,

VERNON RENDALL.

Gower-street, W.C.: September 18, 1899.

## Farcimosum Eruditio.

SIR,—We may reasonably assume that the public schools, too, represent those corporate machines for the manufacture of human sausages—if it be permissible to deploy into the same line of indefinite definition.

Far be it from me to do otherwise than defer to the author of "Farcimosum Eruditio"; but there is a shaft which draws reluctant—not mutinous—ink.

By the written law I am condemned as "crammed," for I have sat for the iniquitous examination, and certainly cannot claim to be "steeped" in any single Latin author.

What are the classics, then, for those who tread such paths?

"... They do not convey high thought or a large experience of men and things; they are not, as they were, 'litteræ humaniores, studia humanitatis et litterarum.' Their humanity is not perceived, their literature is not caught."

To declare that there may be sometimes an inner sanctuary, jealously guarded, where high thought strives to enter in, would be deemed facetious or sentimental in the public school boy.

To suggest, however respectfully, that a large experience of men and things, without extensive intercourse with both, is impossible, would, I feel, be presumptuous. But it is hard to be told that you have missed the humanity and the literature in their indivisible connexion when the drudgery is past. There inevitably remains a sense that the eye has gained some idea of proportion, that the ear has caught the sermon behind the word. "Sed vanitas vanitatum. . . ."

If we lived in the spacious days of a Johnson—but the "twin monsters" will not suffer.

Suffice it to say that there are those who live in the actual belief that the classics, despite the solemn iteration that they are "hammered and crammed," are yet, through their very essence, an appreciable force in the making of liberal-mindedness, if not of irreproachable scholarship.—I am, &c.,

"PUBLIC SCHOOL."

The Forbury: September 16, 1899.

## Another Knapsack Library.

SIR,—The following books, all, with the exception of the "Songs and Lyrics" and the "Temple Classics," in paper covers, would take up little space and lend themselves to that desultory reading which is perhaps most suited for a holiday:

Any two of Shakespeare's plays in the National Library Edition. 3d.

Religio Medici in the same edition or in the Temple Classics Edition.

Macmillan's two volumes of Tennyson's poems. 6d.

Wordsworth's Sonnets. Temple Classics.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. Temple Classics.



A volume (any volume) of Boswell's Johnson. Temple Classics.

Bacon's Essays. National Library.

The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Second Series.

—I am, &c.,

September 12, 1899.

T.

### An Orthographic Peccadillo.

SIR,—I do not wish to pose as an authority on either English or Spanish, but I think your correspondents might turn their attention to the headline "PeccadilloES." This plural appears to be neither correct nor euphonious. As most of your correspondents have written incognit~~oes~~ (*sic*), I beg to subscribe myself,—Yours truly,

"PIFFERI DI MONTAGNA," &c.

September 13, 1899.

### "David Harum."

SIR,—We observe with pleasure the article on *David Harum* in the current issue of your journal. It is not our business to make any comment on the criticism, but we wish to call your attention to a point which is evidently unknown to the writer, and that is, that the book has been selling in very considerable quantities for some weeks past. Although it has taken some time to catch the notice of the British public, it has undoubtedly now caught on, and is selling to the extent of some five hundred copies per week.

When the book was submitted to us by the American publishers, our reader reported favourably upon it. We offered to buy a small edition, which they accepted, not having apparently greater faith than ourselves in the likelihood of a distinctly American book having a large sale here. It took us some months to sell these copies, but now we are unable to get them over fast enough to supply the demand.

We are sorry that the critics have not reviewed it in the eulogistic manner of the writer of your article. It has, as a rule, only received that faint praise which does more harm to a book than a bad notice.

We trust your influential journal will be the means of making the book still more popular.—We are, &c.,  
September 18, 1899. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.

### The British Museum and Books.

SIR,—It may seem about time that the British Museum were now reorganised as a National Library, and nothing more. The vast increase in literature of all kinds, more especially in the direction of periodicals and journalistic prints, demands increased space; moreover, the books are crowded together in an unseemly manner, ingenuity having been exercised to economise space, to the humiliation of human intellect and genius. Let us have expansion, so that it may be a pleasure to walk round the galleries and inspect the contents (with a ticket of admission), instead of a mass of indiscriminate shelving! Let some access be given to the general public, so that they may see books as they now see minerals. The system now adopted in the King's and Grenville Libraries might then extend along the whole ground floor. Manuscripts, prints, engravings, maps, all claim attention, and might be made far more accessible.

Then, as to the "show" section—well, the animals have gone; much might be distributed among the Colonial and Foreign Offices; send minerals to the Geological Museum in Jermyn-street, gems to the South Kensington Museum. It is stated that the ethnological collections need more room, and a home is suggested for them also at Kensington.

It is certain that some radical change is necessary, and the boast of a real national library *all to itself* is worth some effort.—I am, &c.,  
September 16, 1899. AN AMATEUR AUTHOR.

### "And Which."

SIR,—In a paragraph in the ACADEMY of June 24, on the subject of a letter from Queen Victoria to Napoleon III., Her Majesty is spoken of "as a grammarian who cannot quite realise the superfluity of the 'and' before a relative which is not a reiterated one"; and the following passage from the letter is quoted: "We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and which I am afraid will be followed by others."

Will you allow me, with reference to this alleged "superfluity," to draw the attention of your readers to a query on the subject propounded in *Notes and Queries* of February 18 last, and to which no reply has so far been forthcoming. I strongly suspect that the first objector to the construction will be found to have been some one whose knowledge of English grammar was derived from school manuals rather than from acquaintance with the English classics.—I am, &c., C. J. IRVING.

"AND WHICH."—When did the use of "and which" in a clause where no previous "which" is found first begin to be proscribed? The following are a few examples of the usage, including some that have "and that" in place of "and which":

Wycliffe and Purvey, 1 Peter i. 4.—"Into eritage uncorruptible and undefouled, and that schal not fade."

Authorized Version.—"To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Sir Thomas More, *Utopia*, ii. 6.—"Usque adeo ut plumbeus quispiam, et cui non plus ingenii sit quam stipiti."

Ralph Robynson's translation.—"In so muche that a lumpysh blokehedded churle, and whyche hath no more wytte than an asse . . ."

Sir Thomas North, *Plutarch: Julius Caesar*.—"An army invincible and which they could not possibly with-stand."

Dryden, *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.—"We have many plays of ours as regular as any of theirs, and which besides have . . ."

Dr. Johnson, *Life of Addison*.—"Two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because . . ."

De Quincey, *Life of Bentley*.—"Of feuds so deadly, so enduring, and which continue to interest at a distance of a hundred and fifty years . . ."

Lord Beaconsfield, "Letter to the Duke of Marlborough."—"A danger in its ultimate results scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine, and which now engages your Excellency's anxious attention, distracts Ireland."

The following translation (Paul Stapfer) of a familiar passage in "Macbeth" seems to show that the usage is legitimate in French:

"C'est une histoire dite par un idiot, pleine de fracas et de furie, et qui ne signifie rien." C. J. I.

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#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, September 26. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 320 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, September 21.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

|  |                 |     |
|--|-----------------|-----|
| Lock (W.), St. Paul the Master Builder .....                 | (Methuen)       | 3/6 |
| Robinson (A. W.), The Epistle of Paul to the Galatians ..... | net             | 1/4 |
| Walker (Rev. W. L.), The Spirit and the Incarnation .....    | (T. & T. Clark) | 9/0 |

## POETRY, ETC.

|  |                                |          |
|--|--------------------------------|----------|
| Gilkin (Iwan), Prométhée .....                     | (Librairie Fischbacher, Paris) | 3 fr. 20 |
| Thackeray (F. St. John), Florilegium Latinum ..... | (Lane)                         | 7/6      |

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

|  |                  |      |
|--|------------------|------|
| Norman-Neruda (May), The Climbs of Norman-Neruda .....                           | (Unwin)          | 21/0 |
| Terry (C. S.), Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie, First Earl of Leven ..... | (Longmans)       | 16/0 |
| Melville (L.), The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray. 2 vols. (Hutchinson)     |                  | 7/6  |
| Moulton (W. F.), William F. Moulton: a Memoir .....                              | (Isbister)       | 7/6  |
| Grace (M. S.), A Sketch of the New Zealand War .....                             | (Marshall & Son) | 3/6  |
| Mellwraith (J. W.), Canada .....   | (Unwin)          | 2/6  |

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

|   |         |     |
|---|---------|-----|
| Johnston (P. L. W.), At the Sign of the Palm Tree ..... | (Unwin) | 2/6 |
|---|---------|-----|

## EDUCATIONAL.

|  |                 |     |
|--|-----------------|-----|
| Page (T. E.), P. Vergili Maronis Aenidos .....                         | (Macmillan)     | 1/3 |
| Lothian (A. V.), Arithmetic .....                                      | (Blackwood)     | 3/6 |
| Willson (S. J. B. W.), Caesar—Gallic War: Books IV. and V. (Blackwood) |                 | 1/0 |
| Pitman's Practical Spanish Grammar .....                               | (Pitman & Sons) | 1/0 |
| The World and its Commerce .....                                       | (Pitman & Sons) |     |
| Chambers's Higher English Reader .....                                 | (Chambers)      |     |

## JUVENILE.

|  |                 |     |
|--|-----------------|-----|
| Harrison (C.) and Harner (S. H.), Master Charlie ..... | (Cassell & Co.) | 1/6 |
| Horne (A.), The Spy in the School .....                | (Chambers)      | 3/6 |
| Fenn (M.), Fix Bay'nets .....                          | (Chambers)      | 5/0 |
| Martin (L.), Princess and Fairy .....                  | (Chambers)      |     |

## MISCELLANEOUS.

|   |                     |     |
|---|---------------------|-----|
| Platts (W. C.), The Tuttlebury Troubles .....                   | (Digby, Long & Co.) | 3/6 |
| Large-Print Up-to-Date Map of Transvaal, Cape Colony, &c. ..... | (Bacon)             | 1/0 |
| Knowlson (T. S.), The Art of Thinking .....                     | (Warne)             | 2/6 |
| Morton (Honor), Questions for Women (and Men) .....             | (Black)             | 2/0 |
| Jerram (C. S.), The Armies of the World .....                   | (Lawrence & Bullen) |     |
| Philip (A.), A Dissected Model of a Direct Current Dynamo ..... | (Philip & Son)      | 4/6 |
| Dan Leno Hys Books .....  | (Greening)          | 1/0 |

## NEW EDITIONS.

|   |                     |     |
|---|---------------------|-----|
| Whyte-Melville, Riding Recollections .....                                | (Ward, Lock)        | 3/6 |
| Scott (Sir W.), The Surgeon's Daughter .....                              | (Dent)              | 1/6 |
| Jordan (E. D.), Guide to Galway, Connemara, and the West of Ireland ..... | (Black)             | 1/0 |
| Du Bosc (W. P.), The Soteriology of the New Testament .....               | (The Macmillan Co.) |     |
| Logan (J.), Melan's Costumes of the Clans of Scotland .....               | (Bryce)             | 6/0 |
| Jones (S.), The Actor and His Art .....                                   | (Downey)            | 3/6 |
| Taylor (V.), Stories from Wagner .....                                    | (Digby, Long & Co.) | 3/6 |
| Pocket Atlas and Gazetteer of the World .....                             | (Bacon)             |     |

\*\* New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

## Announcements.

A NEW novel from the pen of the author of *The Choir Invisible* is likely to secure a good deal of attention, and Mr. James Lane Allen challenges curiosity at the outset through the choice of the uncommon title, *The Mettle of the Pasture*, which is suggested by the following passage in Shakespeare's "Henry V.":

And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding.

The book will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. are publishing, simultaneously here and in America, *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray*, which has been so long in preparation.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S new novel, *Via Crucis: a Romance of the Second Crusade*, now running its course through the pages of the Century, will be published very shortly in volume form by Messrs. Macmillan.

MESSRS. SEELEY & Co. have nearly ready for publication *The Story-Books of Little Gidding*, edited by Miss E. Cruwys Sharland. The book will consist of religious dialogues, held in the great room at Little Gidding, and now published for the first time from the original MS. of Nicholas Ferrar. The book will contain a memoir of the Ferrar family and an account of the story-books, also several interesting portraits and illustrations.

MISS C. A. HUTTON'S long-expected monograph on *Greek Terra-cottas* will be published by Messrs. Seeley in October. The book will contain a preface by Dr. A. S. Murray, Keeper of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, under whom, and at the British School of Archaeology at Athens, Miss Hutton has for many years made a special study of this fascinating subject. The monograph will give an account of the use and meaning of the statuettes and the methods of manufacture, and also chapters on the genre statuettes, which throw much light on the social life of Ancient Greece. Of the numerous examples illustrated seventeen will be printed in colour.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., will publish shortly a *History of Association Football*, by N. L. Jackson. This book, which will comprise nearly 400 pages of text, with twenty full-page illustrations, will be a comprehensive work on the winter game.

MISS EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER, who is known as the author of two representations of child life, has written a novel entitled *A Corner of the West*, the scene being laid in Devonshire. Miss Fowler is the daughter of Sir Henry Fowler and sister to Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the author of *A Double Thread*.

IN *Life and Books* Mr. Fisher Unwin published on Sept. 18 a group of essays by F. F. Leighton. They deal with such diverse subjects as the Nude in Modern Art, Originality, Men's Women and Women's Women, &c. In the essays certain forms of art and literature are examined for the expression they give to ever-changing social ideals. In one the visualising faculty, or power of inward vision, is used as a test of the poet's or painter's genius. In another a comparison is made between the different standards of womanhood as shown by masculine and feminine novelists in the characters of heroines. Besides these essays there is a short study of Niccolò Machiavelli's Discorsi, and his position as the first practical writer on politics is discussed. In "A Literary Reformer" an attempt is made to estimate the work of Ephraim Gothold Lessing in German literature.

MR. MACQUEEN will publish immediately *Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War*, by James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke"), author of *The Life of James Garfield*, &c., &c. Mr. Gilmore was a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln's, and was one of the so-called "Peace Commissioners" sent by Lincoln to Jefferson Davis.

MR. JOHN LONG has in preparation for the autumn a new work by the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., entitled *The House of Commons*. Among other features the book presents the following: The House of Commons as a Club; The Precincts and the Buildings; Life in Parliament; Manners and Customs of the House; Leading Figures in Parliament; The Irish Nationalist Party; The Lords as Seen by the Commons.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the new Canadian volume of poems by Miss Machar, *The True North*. It was presented to the Queen by the Earl of Aberdeen, a former Governor of Canada.

MESSRS. JOHNSON & GREIG, publishers, Lerwick, have at present in the press an important work on *Shetland Folk-Lore*, by John Mr. Spence, F.E.I.S. For more than forty years the author has been gathering from the lips of the old folk the sayings and superstitions handed down to them, and the work is the outcome of his gleanings in that field.

THE thirteenth volume of *Book Prices Current* will be published almost immediately. The editor furnishes an introduction, in which he records the characteristics of the sales of 1899, and furnishes a forecast of the tastes of collectors and of the prices of the future.

MR. GORDON PHILLIPS, who is already well known as the author of a number of Scottish romances (*James Macpherson*, &c.), will issue shortly with Mr. Fisher Unwin a story entitled *The Laird's Wooing*. It may be described as a romantic chapter in Scottish history. The subject is the courtship of the maiden of low degree by the proud feudal baron.

\*\* Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.



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